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JAMES RAMSAY MacDONALD is welcome in America. The only regret one can have in connection with his visit is that it will last only eleven days instead of eleven months. If he could give us a year of speaking, it would be of tremendous benefit to the people of the United States. They need to see for themselves what a great Socialist looks like and how he talks and acts, for there are still multitudes in this country who look upon all Socialists as desperate anarchists; they refuse to differentiate between them. The fact that Mr. MacDonald has held the highest office in England, and may well hold it again, would give him a hearing such as no American of his political views could obtain. Meanwhile, the trend of English public opinion to the Labor Party continues, despite the fact that the Liberals have recently won two by-elections. But Mr. MacDonald's problems of leadership increase rather than decrease. The secession of Mr. Wheatley from the Opposition Bench to a rear seat in defiance of the long-established tradition that an ex-Minister shall sit on the Opposition Front Bench emphasizes the growing friction between the right and left wings of the Labor Party and cannot but weaken the solidarity of the party in its next electoral campaign. Indeed this growing cleavage may encourage the Conservatives in the plan advocated by some of the die-hards to go to the country next fall and see if there is not one Conservative victory left in the bolshevist bogy and the question of the Government's policy in China. The most ardent critics of Ramsay MacDonald, it must be added, have the most extraordinary difficulty in suggesting anyone who has the stature and vigor requisite for filling his place as leader.

GOVERNOR SMITH has met, promptly and straightforward fashion, the challenge which Charles C. Marshall offered him in the April *Atlantic Monthly*. His letter in the May number is a frank and persuasive declaration of personal religious faith, joined to an emphatic repudiation of the implied charge that loyalty to the Roman Catholic church has ever been regarded by him as inconsistent with loyalty to the Constitution and laws of the United States. His own record, he has a right to say, is his chief answer. Governor Smith is no theologian, and when it comes to interpreting papal encyclicals and other theological statements he wisely falls back upon the doctors and ecclesiastical officials, who are familiar with such matters. What will count most with the average American, however, is the admirable paragraph in which the Governor summarizes his creed. He is a Roman Catholic, but he recognizes no power in the church to interfere with the operation of the Constitution or the enforcement of the laws. He stands for complete freedom of conscience and the absolute separation of church and state. The decisions of ecclesiastical tribunals have force for communicants alone, and the public school and the church school have a right to exist side by side.

THE EFFECT OF GOVERNOR SMITH'S DECLARATION will undoubtedly be great. By the twenty million Roman Catholics in this country the article in the *Atlantic* will of course be regarded as a complete refutation of the charges of political insincerity which have long been made against them and their church. It will also, in all probability, be accepted as final by all others, of whatever faith, who do not desire to keep a religious controversy stirring in national politics. That it will overcome crass ignorance or bigoted prejudice is, of course, too much to expect. But as a political argument the Governor's statement will certainly advance his claims to a Presidential nomination; if for no other reason than the necessity which some of his political opponents will now be under of insisting that, on the religious issue, he has not told the truth, and a charge of untruthfulness on any matter is an extremely difficult one to lodge against Governor Smith. If the *Atlantic* articles have not wholly dispelled a controversy, they have done much to clear the air, and now that the religious issue has been squarely met the clearer the positions of all candidates—and near-candidates—can be made on more important issues, the better.

TWO EVENTS give fresh hope that the feeling against Germans and Germany, which still lingers among certain benighted people who have not yet recovered from the war-time propaganda and lying, is gradually yielding to better sense and better taste. Thus, the American Chemical Society has reelected as honorary members two of the greatest chemists of our age, Wilhelm Ostwald and Walter Nernst, whose names were dropped by the society after we

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went into the war. A third, Richard Willstätter of Munich, whom the society recognizes as being the greatest organic chemist in the world, has been added to the roll of honorary membership. It is to be hoped that an apology went with the notice of these elections; it still seems incredible that great American scholars and students and scientists such as compose this society could have been guilty of such pettiness of spirit, even in the hysteria of war. At the same time the arrival of the new Hamburg American liner, the New York, in the metropolis was made the occasion for unusual courtesies by the Mayor of New York and his wife, who named the vessel when it was launched. All the way up the river the ships of all nationalities in the harbor gave the new craft a royal welcome—a pleasant reminder that the passions of the submarine war are forgotten by seafaring men.

SENATOR GEORGE W. NORRIS was one of the Senators who voted against our going into the war with Germany. He is today the only survivor of that group. Stone of Missouri, La Follette of Wisconsin, Lane of Oregon, and Gronna of North Dakota are dead, and Vardaman of Mississippi is in retirement. A correspondent asked Mr. Norris the other day if, after ten years, he regretted having voted against the war. "No," he replied, "I never have. I would vote today precisely as I voted ten years ago today." And then he spoke as follows:

> The real heritage of the war is to be found here at home. It was here that the soul of America was to have been purified. The millions of our youth who went into that orgy of murder were promised a new and better order of things. For the thousands of our young men killed and maimed, for our billions spent, for the countless millions of heartaches, we have what? We have political corruption such as was never dreamed of before, we have a new crop of millionaires such as the world has never before witnessed, we have a crime wave that staggers the imagination of the world, we have gigantic, war-grown combinations of trade and money that are squeezing billions annually out of the people who "gave till it hurt," and they are doing it under the fawning and paternalistic eye of the government. We have a national avariciousness, and sense of grab, grab, grab, that cannot be eradicated from the national consciousness for generations to come. This we have. Why? Because the war did what a few of us believed it would do—it stupefied and paralyzed the moral consciousness of the American people as nothing else could have done, and because it was a war of gigantic commercial interests from beginning to end.

Who can deny the truth of this?

THE RETIREMENT of General E. H. Crowder as Ambassador to Cuba takes from that sphere of action a man who more nearly than any other American has approached in skill and knowledge the proconsuls which England has been for generations dispatching to India and Africa. His function in Cuba has been far more than a diplomatic one; it has borne a real resemblance to the position of the British commissioners to Egypt, for, thanks to the Platt Amendment, General Crowder had a big club to flourish whenever he gave advice to the Cuban President. His long association with the Wood Government in Cuba gave General Crowder a background of Cuban history since 1898 such as is hardly possessed by any other living American. To the development of Cuba he has personally contributed not a little but more and more his task has been to smooth the path of American economic empire. His ability has been beyond question—witness his skill in drawing up and working out the draft law of 1917, which will forever remain a blot upon the American tradition. If he was ruthless then, it is only fair to say that he has kept the mailed fist more under cover in Cuba. The man who takes his place will find it difficult, indeed, to offer anything in exchange for the knowledge and understanding of the Cuban people which has distinguished this general turned diplomat.

THE NEW YORK *TIMES*, in its issue of Friday, April 15, attacked *The Nation* because it believed the statement in the Shanghai dispatch printed in our issue of April 13, as to the circumstances of the death of Dr. J. E. Williams in Nanking, had been proved erroneous. We cannot blame the paper whose biased and inaccurate dispatches from China have roused such widespread protest for seeking to establish a *tu quoque* against us. But we would point out to the *Times* and to our readers that the statement to which the *Times* objects was printed in quotation marks as the testimony of a responsible American writer, known in Shanghai and New York, after inquiry as to his record and reputation, regarding what he had learned in Nanking. When other Americans denied Mr. Kennedy's report we at once printed their denials in even fuller detail, and cabled to Shanghai for confirmation of his story. We are not prepared to follow the New York *Times* in assuming that when a conflict of testimony exists the anti-Chinese side must be right. As Americans, we naturally hope that Mr. Kennedy's report that Dr. Williams was armed was false. No man or paper is infallible; we should not criticize the *Times* if its Shanghai correspondent merely made an occasional slip. But the New York *Times* dropped an able correspondent of proved ability to judge the Chinese chaos accurately; it replaced him by a man who for years had been an adviser of the Japanese Government, and who had made clear at the Baltimore Conference in 1925 that he thought the only trouble with China was the Chinese. From this correspondent it has been getting not only ridiculously inaccurate prophecies, but continuously hostile, bitter, and biased reporting of the events in the disturbed territory of China.

BETWEEN THE LINES of the cabled dispatches one can only guess what is happening to the Nationalist Party in China. The correspondents in Shanghai cannot tell; probably the Nationalists themselves do not know. Chiang Kai-shek seems to have succumbed to the human ambition for personal power; and merchants, foreign and Chinese, in Shanghai, are only too ready to finance an old-fashioned militarist against such labor groups as Mr. Godwin describes elsewhere in this issue. At Hankow, meanwhile, where forty-two foreign warships point their guns against the capital of the Nationalist Party, tension is naturally acute. The foreign gunboat policy may unite China in a new wave of desperate bitterness, or it may merely aid in producing disillusionment and chaos.

THE FABULOUS GROWTH OF THE TABLOID newspapers in New York City continues. Thus, the *Daily News* has added 147,000 daily readers during the period from April 1, 1926, to April 1, 1927; the *Mirror* 95,000, and the *Graphic* 193,000. The average net paid circulation of

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the *Daily News* is actually 1,145,481. The *Times* and *World* have shown substantial gains and the *Herald Tribune* a small one. For a time it looked as if the development of the typographically conservative newspapers had been entirely stopped. Indubitably, court scandals helped to boost the circulation figures of the tabloids. Also, these happenings enabled them to touch the low-water mark of sensational journalism in America. Meanwhile, except in the case of the *Daily News*, the question of financial success for these papers remains unsolved. They cannot begin to print advertising to the extent possible in the old-fashioned type of newspapers. In the case of one of these publications it is interesting to note that various large advertisers have finally concluded that they do not wish to aid in supporting a publication which has aroused so much public protest. This is one way of making life more difficult for purveyors of human slops; we should like to see a buyers' strike as well.

"AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY" is the latest book to be pronounced obscene by the District Attorney of Boston in his attempt to sterilize Boston literature. Extracts from the book, thought objectionable by two Boston police officers, were submitted to Judge Murray in that city in a case brought by Boni and Liveright to test Boston's book-banning campaign. The judge said he could find nothing obscene in the passages cited; unfortunately the policemen had not read the book from cover to cover and had therefore no further evidence to present. Both policemen, however, denied that their own morals had been corrupted by the passages they had read. The judge is reported to be at work on the two volumes. We shall soon know whether or not he comes out of the ordeal unscathed. Boni and Liveright is thus far the only publishing firm to protest, though a dozen books have been interdicted. Harcourt, Brace and Co., publishers of "Elmer Gantry," also forbidden to Boston readers, have done nothing. "Perhaps the matter is primarily the concern of the people of Boston," a telegram from that firm announces. It is heartening to read the protest signed among others by Ellery Sedgwick, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and Alfred R. McIntyre, of Little, Brown & Co.:

> As citizens concerned with public decency and the maintenance of public sanity, as publishers associated . . . with books and magazines of honorable reputation, we wish publicly and seriously to protest against the high-handed, erratic, and ill-advised interference of certain public officials with the sale and distribution of books, many of them of recognized standing and freely sold elsewhere throughout the United States.

THE MASSACHUSETTS STATUTE forbidding the sale of "obscene and indecent literature" is capable of broad interpretation, and therein lies its danger. For years the booksellers have sent copies of doubtful books to the District Attorney's office for inspection; if the District Attorney or one of his associates could read the book without being seized with a desire to commit adultery or otherwise disgrace his high office, the book was pronounced pure and fit for general consumption. This amiable arrangement is to be continued no longer. District Attorney Foley has announced that his office is not a censorship bureau and that hereafter booksellers must interpret the statute for themselves and not bother him. At the same time he has threatened offending booksellers with jail sentences instead of fines for infraction of the law. One hardly knows what the result will be. Perhaps the courageous action taken by Boni and Liveright will bring about a repeal or amendment of the statute; perhaps the list of possibly obscene books will grow and grow until it includes all the volumes in the shop. Perhaps, being forbidden all other literature, the citizens of Boston will read the minutes of the Sacco-Vanzetti trial. That might result in justice in one quarter at any rate.

E. W. HOWE is not only the Sage of Potato Hill, Kansas, and one of the best prose writers in America; he is the occasion of a dinner soon to be given at the Hotel Biltmore in New York. One hundred and twenty persons will pay ten dollars apiece to sit in the same room with the author of "The Story of a Country Town" and the editor of *E. W. Howe's Monthly* while Irvin Cobb presides. Undoubtedly the editor rather than the novelist will be feted, and by the same token the champion of business rather than the artist of the sardonic phrase will be acclaimed by Bruce Barton, Bernard M. Baruch, and other members of the dinner committee. Mr. Howe's special merit is that of possessing a terribly simple pen which obeys a ruthlessly plain and cynical mind. If the business man only knew it, Mr. Howe—who does not know it either—destroys him along with most other men by attributing to him qualities which he cannot possibly have. The business man does not know it, and so he gives his champion, who argues that the *Saturday Evening Post* must be a good magazine because it is a rich one, a ten-dollar dinner. There are many such anomalies in Mr. Howe's career. One other just now is that his daughter, Mrs. Mateel Howe Farnham, has won a $10,000 prize with a novel called "Rebellion," and that the newspapers call the book "an up-to-date version of 'The Story of a Country Town.'" There is a sense in which Mr. Howe still is and always will be a rebel. But his worshipers seem not to know it.

MOST OF THE NEW YORKERS who were not at *The Nation* dinner on April 12 seem to have been within seeing distance of the great fire which stripped the top ten stories of the new Sherry-Netherlands Hotel of their wooden scaffolding. It was a lovely spectacle, and it may become a Manhattan legend—these white flames wrapping the graceful head of a forty-story skyscraper while 700 policemen fought the crowd away below and innumerable firemen swarmed the roofs of adjacent buildings to play water on the timbers as they blazed, broke loose, fluttered like feathers, and fell. It was a wonder that blocks of residences and clubs to the northeast did not go. None went; only two firemen out of all those exposed to the rain of thirty-foot embers were injured; and passers-by the next day reported the hotel itself as looking quite clean and whole. The wonder of wonders was the silent beauty of the thing. The closer spectators heard spitting and crackling in that high, hot place; most citizens, however, looked on as at a torch planted suddenly in the midst of the city—a torch so vast and tall that no sound could come down from it to say why the thing was there or what it intended to do. The fire, by and large, did nothing except give several hundred thousand persons a thrill. That it did no more may be explained, no doubt, on several technical grounds—fireproof construction, the very height of the building, and the skill of the fire department. But there may have been another reason; the flames may have had their own personal business to attend to up there, and may never have intended to descend even to Fifth Avenue.

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The Tree Man

IN the thick shade of the forest it is impossible to tell which trees have crowns that tower above their surroundings. They are not always those with the most impressive trunks or the most conspicuous foliage. So, perhaps, it is not surprising that the death of Charles Sprague Sargent passed almost unnoted by a public that is excited by a Snyder trial, the death of a Valentino, or the coma of a bath-tub impresario.

But Professor Sargent is not in danger of being forgotten. The hundreds of thousands who each year visit America's greatest garden, the Arnold Arboretum in Boston, will remember him. It is his life work, and it is enduring—unless a soulless generation should cut off its water supply, pour soot upon it, trample its grassy walks, and neglect it as New York City neglects its Central Park. There are still trees there which were saplings in the days of the Boston Tea Party; and there are saplings there today of species which, in the Sierras and the Himalayas, become forest giants. What they can do in cold New England will not be known for another century or two—and it was only half a century ago that the City of Boston leased the Arboretum to Harvard University for a thousand years, upon the pledge, first given to the trustees of the estate of Benjamin Arnold of New Bedford, to grow there, so far as possible, every tree or shrub able to endure the climate of Massachusetts. Six thousand species grow in it today. Sargent's emissaries scoured Sakhalin and Formosa, Tibet and West China, the Himalayas and the snow-clad peaks of Equatorial Africa, Europe and the two Americas, the Caucasus and the Barbary Coast in his lifetime, but still he was not satisfied. There were regions yet unsearched. "Harvard College," he wrote a few years ago, "will not have fulfilled its agreement with the Arnold Trustees until it has caused to be explored, through the Arboretum, the forests which cover the ranges of the Altai Mountains, the southern boundary of Central Siberia, and the great interior region south of those mountains."

He gave his life to trees. For fifty-five years, beginning when the Arboretum was only an idea in his own and a few other brains, he served as its director. He found himself, as he once said, with a worn-out New England farm, "nearly ruined by excessive pasturage, to be developed into a scientific garden with less than $3,000 a year available for the purpose. . . . The prospect . . . would not have been encouraging if the men interested in it had had at that time as much knowledge as hope and enthusiasm." He never retired; until two weeks before his death he continued his daily visits to the Arboretum.

In the movement for conservation of forest resources he played a part, but his main interests were remote from the hurly-burly of politics. Indeed, when in 1880 the Chamber of Commerce of St. Paul sent out letters asking support for its project of granting public lands for schools of forestry Sargent characteristically, but impoliticly, replied that it would be of no use; there were no men in the United States qualified to teach forestry, and there would be no students because there was no demand for trained foresters. In connection with the 1880 census he made for the Government a census of its forest wealth, one product of which is the unique Jesup Collection of North American Woods in the American Museum of Natural History of New York City. Out of that experience also grew the intimate knowledge of American trees which reaches the larger public in his handbooks and manuals, and the elite in the fourteen magnificent volumes of his "Silva of North America," a cyclopedia of the trees of a continent.

Books perish; trees endure, and from their seeds new trees grow. Mr. Sargent was characterized by the American Genetic Association as "easily the outstanding leader in the world of plant introduction." Since Chang Kien brought the grape and alfalfa and, according to tradition, the walnut from Persia to China in the second century before Christ no man, perhaps, has done so much to mix the floras of the earth. It began in 1878, when a former president of the Massachusetts College of Agriculture sent Sargent the first seeds to reach America of the now familiar tree lilac and climbing hydrangea. Four years later a Russian doctor who had heard of Sargent's plans sent him seeds of North China trees. In 1892 he himself went to Japan, and found there trees of which the Japanese themselves were unaware. In later years his colleague, E. H. Wilson, traveled to the Far West of China, seeking specimens for the Arboretum. A thousand species of plants grow in the Arboretum today which had never before seen America; scores of the hybrids and the immigrant shrubs and trees most familiar to modern gardeners are products of Sargent's earlier years—the Japanese yew, the evergreen bittersweet, the universal Japanese clematis, and the tinted Thunberg's barberry among them. When others had declared the Cedar of Lebanon impossible in New England winters, he found a sturdier stock in the Taurus Mountains.

Systematic scientific work lay unseen behind Sargent's achievements. His was not the brilliant improvisation of a Burbank. The trees in the Arboretum are not only labeled for the public; behind each label lies a number, and behind that a card catalog record. In solving the mysteries of the perplexing genus of hawthorns—1,056 species of which have been distinguished, 672 by Sargent alone—he raised 200,000 hawthorn plants from more than 4,400 lots of seeds gathered from all over the world.

These things are Greek to the general public. The library, the herbarium—unrivaled for woody plants—mean little to the people of Boston. But they flock to see the magnolias, the cherries, the crabapples, the lilacs, azaleas, rhododendrons, hawthorns. "Lilac Sunday" is as definitely a part of the Boston calendar as Easter. There is not another city park in the world with such steep cliffs clad with dark hemlocks as the Arboretum's Hemlock Hill; Japan itself has few finer vistas of cherry blossoms, beginning with the little Higanzakura, whose petals open pink but fall white, continuing with the dwarf Fuji and the noble Sargent cherry, with blossoms an inch and a half across, running riot for three glorious weeks. Imagine a hillside with a hundred and ninety varieties of lilacs, and azaleas blooming from Mayday into July! It is a glorious park; the city's newspapers know it and tell the people, and all Boston—Yankee, Irish, Jewish, and Italian—walks, drives, or trolleys to see it in flower. Surely it is not within the imagination of man to conceive a more splendid memorial. Charles Sprague Sargent made it.

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How Rich Are You?

THE United States has been growing prodigiously rich since the hard times of 1921. The pocket-book of the American people bulges larger by a third than half a dozen years ago, while merely in the three years from 1922 to 1925 the national wealth leaped upward by a tenth. We gather these facts from information just made public in several different quarters. The National Bureau of Economic Research, in preliminary estimates based on recent studies, places the current income of the American people at $89,682,000,000 in 1926, against $62,736,000,000 in 1921. Distributed among the 44,600,000 persons gainfully employed, the average income last year was $2,010, compared with $1,537 five years previous, a gain of 31 per cent. Nor was this a fictitious advance coupled with higher price level, as was most of the gain during and just after the World War. Prices actually fell slightly between 1921 and 1926, so that in purchasing power the increase was somewhat more than 31 per cent. The figures in regard to the 10 per cent jump in national wealth in three years come from an inquiry by the National Industrial Conference Board, which places the amount at $355,000,000,000 in 1925, against the census estimate of $320,000,000,000 in 1922. These amounts are based on physical wealth only, excluding credits and currency.

Fine! These figures will be tasty mouthfuls for politicians, employers, and others bent on making people believe that they were never so well off before. But is it true? It might be pointed out with benefit that material wealth is no index of happiness, or that in our present crowded and complicated existence it takes more material wealth than formerly to maintain an equivalent degree of comfort and health. But the figures of increased income are open to a more direct attack. The important question is not, How rich is America? It is, How rich are *you?* An increase in average income is of no advantage to the average man unless he gets his share. Indeed, it is a detriment, for it leaves him relatively less well off than before. There is unimpeachable statistical evidence that the average man has not got anything like his share of the amazing increase in wealth that has taken place in the last half a dozen years. It has gone in overwhelming proportion to the groups that were already dripping with fat.

It was different in the roaring industrial years from the beginning of the World War until the tire burst in 1920. The increase then in national income—chiefly offset by higher cost of living—was not confined to the well-to-do. In general, small-salaried persons and probably most kinds of unorganized labor suffered, but workers in the unionized trades came out of the catch-as-catch-can struggle with about the same proportion of the prize-money as they had managed to acquire at the outset. Taking again the figures of the National Bureau of Economic Research, we find that, in 1914, the average income of the 44,600,000 persons gainfully employed was $836. By 1920 it had reached a temporary peak (not attained again for five years) of $1,851, a gain of 102 per cent. During the same period the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics estimates that the average rate per hour of the pay in organized trades throughout the country increased by 95 per cent—somewhat less than the average income. The actual earnings of factory workers in the State of New York advanced from an average of $12.48 per week in 1914 to $28.15 in 1920, an increase of 125 per cent—considerably more than the average income. But although organized labor about held its own in the gain in national income between 1914 and 1920, that increase was not real. It was almost completely wiped out by the higher cost of living. In actual purchasing power, the National Bureau of Economic Research estimates that the increase in national income amounted to somewhat less than 10 per cent.

On the other hand, the gain of nearly a third in average income from 1921 to 1926, inclusive, was pure velvet—and a little better. Did labor, organized or otherwise, get its proportion? It did not. It failed to share even approximately in this astounding increase. The average rate per hour in unionized trades throughout the country advanced only 22 per cent, while the actual earnings of factory workers in the State of New York rose from $25.72 in 1921 to $29.02 in 1926, less than 12 per cent.

To whom did the money go? Information in regard to federal income taxes just made public in Washington suggests the answer. For 1925—the last year tabulated—207 persons reported an income of more than a million dollars each, almost treble the seventy-five taxpayers who scheduled such amounts in 1924. The only other year approaching such a condition was 1916, the pinnacle of the war profits, when 206 persons reported incomes of over a million dollars. In 1921, the first year of the period studied by the National Bureau of Economic Research, only twenty-one persons reported incomes in excess of a million dollars. But even more striking than the return in regard to million-dollar incomes is the fact that there was an increase in 1925 over 1924 of all net incomes in excess of $5,000—the percentage rising constantly with the size of the amount. Net incomes in excess of $5,000 increased by 16½ per cent, in excess of $25,000 by 31½ per cent, in excess of $100,000 by 88 per cent, in excess of $300,000 by 104 per cent, and in excess of $1,000,000 by 179 per cent.

If we think back, we will recall that the greatest market in the history of Wall Street began to bubble late in 1924 and boiled furiously throughout 1925. It has been boiling pretty continuously ever since. Securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange increased in market value in 1925 by $4,907,270,138, an amount equivalent to more than half of the world's total gold supply. Taking into account securities of all sorts, it is estimated that the gain amounted to a round seven billions. In other words, the greater part of the tremendous industrial wealth created in the United States since the beginning of the World War has been carried forward and capitalized in recent years in higher values of stocks and bonds; it is going in a proportion and in an amount never before approached to those who are already well off. We are building a new inequality of wealth beside which the old was almost a Utopian parity. To speak of increase in "average income" is a tragic jest, because the average man is not sharing in it.

In pointing out these facts are we, as some will charge, fomenting discontent with the present industrial order? Are we arraying the dispossessed against their dispossessors?

Well, we hope so.

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Nanking—Serajevo

WHAT are we in for in China?

On April 11 the American, British, French, Japanese, and Italian consuls at Hankow and at Shanghai presented "identic" notes to the Chinese Nationalists. "For the prompt settlement of the situation created by the outrages" at Nanking the Powers demanded:

> 1. Adequate punishment of the commanders of the troops responsible for the murders, personal injuries, and indignities and material damage done, as also of all persons found to be implicated;
>
> 2. Apology in writing by the commander-in-chief of the Nationalist army, including an express written undertaking to refrain from all forms of violence and agitation against foreign lives and property;
>
> 3. Complete reparation for personal injuries and material damage done.

To these demands was appended the ultimatum:

> Unless the Nationalist authorities demonstrate to the satisfaction of the interested governments their intention to comply promptly with these terms the said governments will find themselves compelled to take such measures as they consider appropriate.

Eugene Chen, the Nationalist Foreign Minister, replied on April 14. He stated that the Nationalist Government was prepared to make good all damage done to the consulates. For personal injuries it was "prepared to make all reasonable and necessary reparation except in cases where it can be definitely proven that the same were caused by the British and American naval bombardment on March 24, or by Northern rebels and agents provocateurs." Punishment of the commander or of individuals, he said, assumed that the Nationalists were guilty of the March 24 outrages, and he proposed that " the question of punishment should await the findings of a government inquiry now in progress, or of an international commission of inquiry to be instituted immediately by the United States and the Nationalist Government." Mr. Chen added that

> As the laws of nations and the recognized practices of civilized states prohibit the bombardment of cities on the territory of friendly states the Nationalist Government proposes a commission of inquiry also to investigate the circumstances of the bombardment of the unfortified city of Nanking by naval forces of the United States.

Any written apology would, of course, also await the result of the investigation; but Mr. Chen stated formally that "the protection of foreign lives and property repeatedly has been declared a settled policy of the Nationalist Government." He repeated the pledge, adding that only a change in the treaties would remove the causes of the trouble.

Only Great Britain and the United States, of course, were asked to join in the inquiry into the circumstances of their bombardment of Nanking, but substantially similar notes were sent to the other Powers. No self-respecting government could well go further in accepting the Powers' demands, but already the dispatches from China indicate that the reply is "inacceptable," and the foreign Powers are conferring upon what "measures" they shall "consider appropriate." Some hint is given by the fact that 42 foreign warships have been concentrated at Hankow, seat of Eugene Chen's Government.

Is it the old story—Serajevo, the ultimatum, the world-war madness all over again?

The Sense of Joy

GEORGE MOORE once complained against the disposition of readers to insist that an author have a sense of humor, and to deny him that quality if he happened to be the kind of author who does not crack jokes. The sense of humor, said Mr. Moore, can be present in the form of a presiding spirit which makes in general for intelligence and illumination, which never ceases to remind both the writer and the reader of that twofold aspect of all things whereby they can seem in a flash either tragic or comic, either lamentable or absurd. Mr. Moore might have gone on to complain against the curiously superstitious emphasis we place upon the sense of humor—demanding that it exist, and almost daring it to show itself lest someone, admitting his lack of it, be forthwith damned. Not long ago, indeed, Heywood Broun of the New York *World*—himself a humorist among other things—made precisely this protest And we hope the doctrine spreads. For we know no ignorance greater than that which supposes happiness to be the possession exclusively of laughing men, and intelligence to be chiefly a matter of understanding that one thing cannot be more important than another.

The superstition is that we are "saved" by a sense of humor. Saved from what? If it is from dulness, well and good; no one can expect to get far with a campaign for dulness. But if it is certain other things, not so well and good. The sense of joy, for instance. Few speak of that; yet it is the distinguishing mark of supremely and passionately happy persons. It is the passion with which these persons are happy that renders them suspect to the humorous and that keeps them misunderstood by all who assume that error and illusion are necessary obstacles to felicity of any lasting kind. It is also their solemnity—for they are almost invariably solemn in their exaltation. Their very humorlessness is the thing that saves them from depression and loss of faith; their failure to preserve a sense of proportion is what preserves their joy. The sense of proportion, incidentally, is invoked quite as often as the sense of humor is, and by the same people. It ought to refer to that balance which, presumably, we can observe being struck by nature among all the positive forces which compose her energy. Too often the appeal to it merely means an unawareness of positive forces and compelling passions; one is only saying, in other words, that nothing matters—except proportion.

To the possessor of the sense of joy there is always some highly abstract thing that matters very much. He may have difficulty in saying what this thing is; but his struggles to do so are likely to result in great poetry, great eloquence, or great mystical utterance of some kind. Milton and Wordsworth are among the greatest of poets, and they are that not in spite of but because of the complete humorlessness with which they pursued a certain symbol through the manifold forms of the world. Wordsworth lacked common sense, but he had the sense of joy—"joy" is almost the commonest word in his vocabulary. Joy over what? He never said, and possibly he never knew, any more than Jonathan Edwards knew what made him at once the happiest and sternest of men. Such ignorance is appalling to the humorous—and the humorous have a right to be appalled. The pity is that they cannot contrive to enjoy the sensation.

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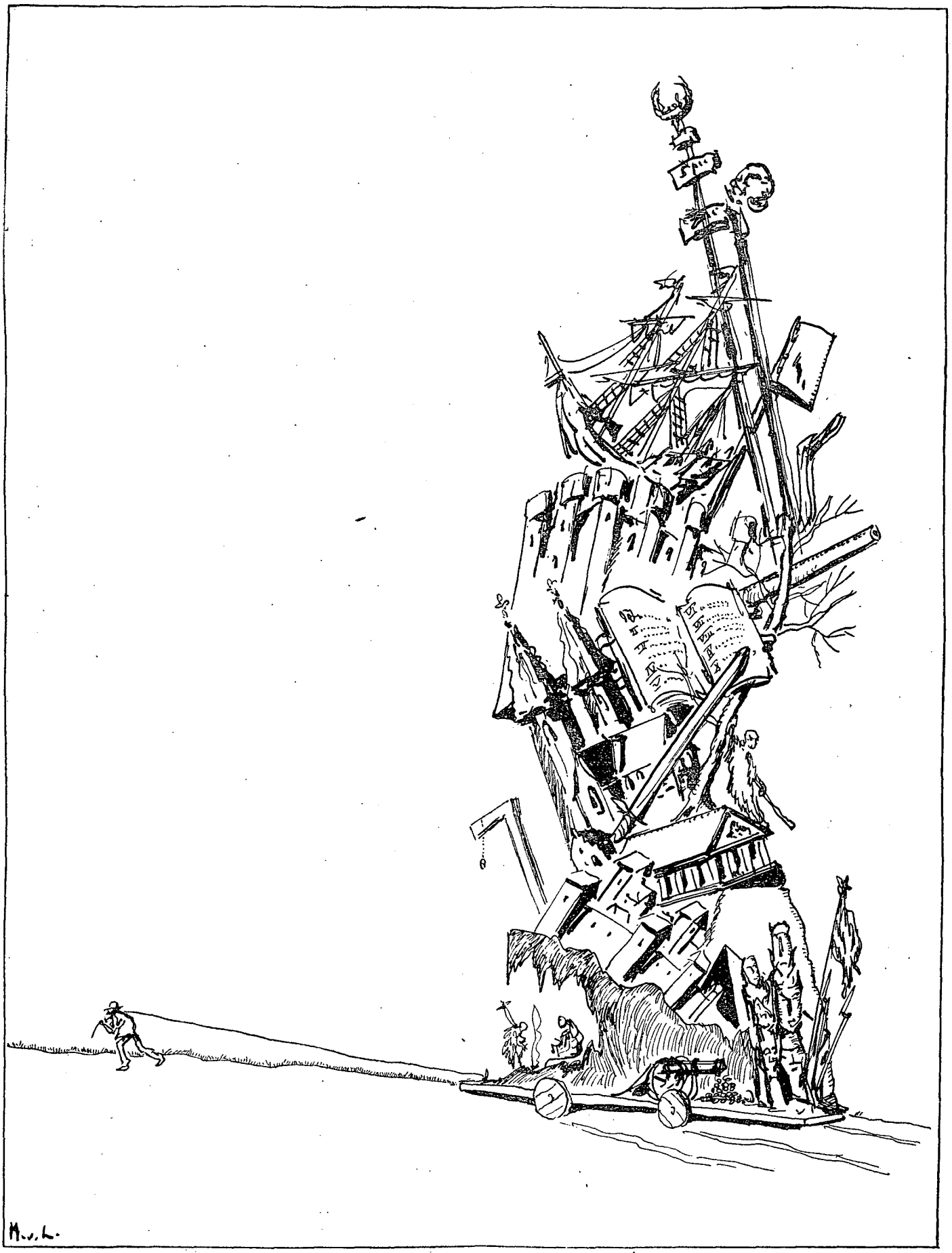

Ourselves and Our Inheritance

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The Albanian Peril

By G. E. R. GEDYE

Belgrade, April 1

SOMEWHERE east of Belgrade, where the cart-tracks that do duty as roads get fewer, the peasants' huts rarer, and the forests thicker, lies a deep belt of jagged blue mountains varying in height from 3,000 to 8,000 feet. Winding its tortuous way through the heart of this wild and primitive country is the largely imaginary line which we glibly speak of and which geographers trace with facile pen as the Albanian-Jugoslav frontier. No river and no clear-cut mountain range serves to define it; no racial division helps to maintain it. On each side of this arbitrary line, in huts on the lower slopes or in caves in the heights, are scattered families of both Albanian and Serbian blood, some united across the frontier by family ties, some divided by blood-feuds, the balance of which alters from time to time when a chance shot permits.

Along some of the more disturbed but defendable sections of this line you will see the forests cut back for a hundred yards on either side of the road, in order to avoid, as far as possible, giving cover to komitadjis and brigands. Every two hundred yards stands or walks a gendarme, but never out of sight of his fellow, his carbine loaded and the safety-catch off. The gendarmes are outnumbered by little wooden crosses set irregularly at the side of the road and painted white. Each one indicates the end of the story of some incautious traveler or of a gendarme who left his safety-catch on a fraction of a second too long.

It was on this frontier that Jugoslavia was suddenly accused, through a campaign launched virtually simultaneously in the Italian and part of the British press and through Italian diplomatic channels, of mobilizing troops and making other military preparations for an invasion of Albania, and of encouraging Albanian refugees to overthrow the government of Achmed Bey Zoghu, their President. With such conditions along such a frontier, the most conscientious individual examination of charges of this kind obviously cannot amount to much. One is thrown back on a study of recent history and on the balance of probabilities.

Since the failure of Prince Wilhelm von Wied to establish himself as ruler of Albania in the Teutonic interests, Albania has been without a Mpret, as the hereditary ruler was called. Jugoslavia and Italy contended for control of its destiny. Under the Treaty of London one of the many things which Italy obtained as her price for deserting the Triple Alliance in 1914 was the recognition of an Italian protectorate over Albania. This unhappy piece of bargaining, dignified with the title of "treaty," has brought, and will bring, much evil in its train for Europe. One consequence of its abrogation was the compensating declaration which Italy obtained from the Council of Ambassadors recognizing her as the natural guardian and protector of Albanian interests. She established herself inside the country through the Premier, Monseigneur Fan Noli, who ruled in the absence of a Mpret. Jugoslavia's counter-move was to permit and encourage Achmed Zoghu, an adventurous Albanian conspirator, to assemble and arm on her territory an expedition, largely composed of Russian "White" counter-revolutionaries, which overthrew Fan Noli. Then, if ever, was the moment for a British protest. There has been no attempt to deny Jugoslavia's complicity in this adventure. But Fan Noli had just put himself beyond the pale—he had recognized the Soviet Union, with whom Italy was coquetting and Jugoslavia was not. He was left, therefore, to his fate, and the Tory press suggested that the adventurous Achmed was the chosen of his people.

After he had proclaimed a republic and declared himself President, Achmed Zoghu's fickle affections turned across the Adriatic and away from his Jugoslav paymasters. The latter were anxious, but refused the suggestions made for a partition of Albania into spheres of influence between themselves and Italy. Seeing that Achmed was the creature of Mussolini and about to sell his country to Italy, the Jugoslavs seem to have encouraged last November's abortive attempt to unseat him.

The Pact of Tirana set the seal on the work so carefully accomplished by Italian agents in Albania. At the present time Italy, through her control of the Albanian National Bank and the Albanian Development Company, which has the sole right to build roads and to construct railways, has made Albania and her mineral wealth a close economic preserve for herself; by her right to reorganize the army, to construct an Albanian navy, and to build harbors she has not only secured the control of new naval bases which would prove invaluable in corking up the Jugoslav navy in time of war, but has established herself in Albania in a way which is a threat to Jugoslavia very much as the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria-Hungary was a threat to old Serbia.

Jugoslavia sees Albania threatened with the ultimate fate of Bosnia—annexation. Achmed Zoghu has played her false and become the willing instrument of Italian policy. He has still his bodyguard of Russian "Whites," but there is no reason to suppose that he enjoys any greater popularity in Albania than any of his predecessors have enjoyed when they tried to collect taxes from its wild mountain inhabitants. The Serbs, like every other Balkan people, have intrigue in their blood. There are several thousand Albanian refugees on their soil, whose numbers were increased as a result of the abortive attempt to overthrow Zoghu last November, and who find many supporters among Jugoslavia's 400,000 loyal subjects of Albanian race. What more likely than that there is continuous plotting on Jugoslav soil against the man who is regarded as having sold his country to Italy?

It is only fair to say that not one shred of evidence of Jugoslav complicity in these alleged plots has yet been produced by Italy. M. Peritch, the Jugoslav Foreign Minister, has given me personally the most explicit assurance that his government is doing everything in its power to prevent both plots and raids and has removed all the Albanian refugees to Bosnia, out of harm's way. As to the categoric accusations made in Rome and London of aggressive Jugoslav military preparations on the Albanian frontier, common sense alone indicates that they can be dismissed as wildly improbable. Jugoslavia has been forced to yield again and again to Italian pretensions to territory on the Balkan

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peninsula since the war, and that at times when Italy was not the great military Power that she is today. Many of the Dalmatian Islands, the port of Zara, right in the center of the Jugoslav coast line, the islands of Cherso, Lussin, Grande, and Lagusta, all hugging the Jugoslavian coast, have one after the other been secured by Italy, causing bitterness but no warlike preparations in Jugoslavia. Even Italy's acquisition of Fiume was accepted without an actual clash, though one came very near. I was in Fiume last summer. It is a city of the dead. Italy took it merely to prevent it becoming a rival in Jugoslav hands to her Adriatic ports. Deprived of its hinterland, its volume of trade has dropped to one-third and is still falling, but its grass-grown quais cause Italy no concern. Already, the Jugoslavs assert, the number of Italian subjects who are racial Jugoslavs exceeds that of the population of Albania. Is it possible that, after having yielded so frequently in the past, at this moment Jugoslavia should have desired to precipitate a conflict with her powerful rival?

It is particularly useful to consider the state of Jugoslavia's armaments. Admittedly, she has about the finest fighting material of the Balkans in her indomitable peasant troops. But she has a veritable museum of rifles and no field guns of later date than 1915. It is regrettable, but, placed as she is, far from surprising, that she should be endeavoring to modernize her equipment. Like Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, who also began their existence within the French political orbit, Jugoslavia aspires to step out of the ranks of satellite Powers dependent on France for military supplies as well as political backing, and there is no reason to get excited at the reports that she is building her own munition works, reequipping her army, and organizing her defenses. Indeed, these reports, circulated in recent months from Rome, tend to discountenance the latest reports that she intended military action in Albania. If she is engaged in reorganizing her army, she certainly cannot intend to initiate a campaign which would mean war with Italy.

If, however, this reorganization be considered from the standpoint of Italy, it will be seen that there is good reason to precipitate matters. The Tirana Pact, egregiously described as a "Pact of Mutual Guaranties," firstly empowers Italy to come to the rescue of Albania if she is attacked, and similarly guarantees to Italy the support of the Albanian army and embryo navy if she herself is attacked by another Power. It does more than this, however; it allows Italy to "intervene" should the security of the present Government be threatened from within. Albania is a mass of warring mountain tribes divided into a score of hostile camps by countless petty but bitterly upheld differences. Achmed Zoghu and his Russian "Whites" have no very secure tenure of office or of life, quite apart from Serbian influences, in a country, a great deal of which has never been made amenable to his authority.

What would actually occur were a revolution in Albania to endanger the regime of Achmed Zoghu, or were that gentleman, for any reason, to see fit to declare that he was in peril? Under the Pact of Tirana, he would notify the Italian Government of the state of affairs and request intervention. Before acting, the Italians should persuade the Council of the League that grounds existed justifying their intervention under the Treaty of Tirana as registered with the League. That body, in view not only of the Tirana Treaty but also in view of the unfortunate declaration extracted from the Council of Ambassadors in 1921 to the effect that Italy was the ideal guardian of Albanian interests, would presumably agree to the landing of Italian troops in Albania to protect Achmed Zoghu. If Corfu and other examples of Italian precipitancy may be taken as precedents, it is safe to assume that Italian action would in fact precede any decision of the League.

There are other interesting features of this Jugoslav-Albanian excitement. Just before it began, on March 14, the London *Times* drew attention in a leader to the Jugoslav tendency to seek a rapprochement with Russia. It is a fact that there has been a strong movement in the country, largely restrained by the powerful influence of King Alexander, to recognize the Soviet Union. Almost simultaneously with the launching of the Rome campaign was the launching of a big Belgrade municipal loan in New York, while other important negotiations are in progress to secure the American capital which Jugoslavia so urgently needs for the development of her magnificent natural resources. The effect which these rumors of wars might be calculated to have on Middle Western investors, on whose confidence such loans largely depend, can easily be imagined: over here it is anticipated that they will have served to enforce the ban of the City of London on loans to Jugoslavia.

Sir Austen Chamberlain has given the most implicit assurances that could be desired that there is no truth whatever in the persistent belief of the Continent that Great Britain is forming, or desires to form, an anti-Soviet block. Clearly, at one point the British Government intervened to restrain the Fascist ardor of the London *Times*, but on the Continent it is universally remarked that such countries as Greece, Hungary, Bulgaria, and Italy, which are under some form of "White" dictatorships, are always treated in British Tory circles as "consolidated." Poland, in particular, is constantly cited as a country which had the worst imaginable "press" in London, until the military dictatorship of Marshal Pilsudski was forced upon her at the point of the bayonet. Since then reproaches have ceased, despite the many encroachments of that dictatorship on public liberty. But as soon as the Government of any state—like that of the ill-starred Fan Noli of Albania—talks of Soviet recognition, terrible reports of its disorganized condition (imperiling, of course, all capital investment in its territories) find their way into the reactionary press of many countries, particularly of Great Britain.

As to the Albanian scare, it is over for the moment, but the danger to Europe will remain latent as long as peril to Achmed Zoghu can be held to justify the landing of Italian troops in Albania, and as long as "imperial" speeches from Rome cause apprehension in Jugoslavia, with its fertile territory greater than that of overcrowded Italy and its population of only 12,000,000 against Italy's 40,000,000. If the Treaty of Tirana can be so amended as to make intervention by Italy dependent solely upon a decision by the Council of the League that Albania is in imminent peril of lapsing into anarchy or bolshevism, or is menaced with external attack, a great deal will have been done to take the sting out of this dangerous instrument. For the League decision, to be of any value, and to avoid such scares as that recently created, it would probably be necessary to establish a small League Commission resident in Albania (on which neither Italy nor Jugoslavia should be represented except in an advisory capacity) with power to inspect both sides of the frontier under escort. This, like most commissions, would be a nuisance. But a nuisance is preferable to a war.

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These Modern Women

The Long Journey

ANONYMOUS

[*We print herewith the thirteenth of a series of anonymous articles giving the personal backgrounds of a group of distinguished women with a modern point of view. The next article will appear in* The Nation *for May 11.*]

FARM life in New England is—or was, before the day of the automobile—lonely and isolated enough at best. Picture its overwhelming loneliness for a child without brothers and sisters, who had to trudge a mile and a half to the one-room country school where some fifteen or twenty pupils gathered to learn the three R's—and little else. Only twenty years ago the round of my existence was from such a home to such a school; yet for the last ten years I have been a city dweller, readily adapting myself to conditions in crowded centers of population. Has this experience been simply a part of the general urban drift of rural youth? Perhaps, but as I look back it seems to me that I can discern certain specific influences which were operating even in those early days to shape my maturity.

The lack of playmates forced me to find many of my childhood satisfactions in a land of make-believe. I kept imaginary playmates to a much later age than do most children, and began day-dreaming long before the period of adolescence. Perhaps this over-development of my imaginative life made it easy for me to share my mother's world of dreams with her. My mother was not happy in her own life; she would have escaped from the dull routine and hard labor of the farm had she been able. Her one consolation was the determination that her daughter should have the things for which she had longed so passionately. In our talks together she dwelt upon her desire that I should not be tied down to household cares and that I should follow a professional career, as many of my other relatives had done. Through her descriptions I became well acquainted with Great-aunt Abbie, who was a pioneer schoolmistress; with Cousin John, who was a professor in a famous university, and with Cousin Josiah, who was a specialist in children's diseases in Boston. I sometimes think these never-seen individuals became more real to me than the neighbors and farmhands whom I saw daily.

At any rate, my day-dreams and ambitions fell docilely into line with my mother's aspirations for me. I never pictured the romantic episodes or the domestic scenes which are the subjects of most maiden reveries. I was not sure what I should do when I grew up, but I was determined to gain a position worthy of the many important figures in my mother's family. I, too, would win fame by virtue of high achievement. I have a tender feeling for those young illusions. I have none left in these days of facing reality, but without the driving power of such dreams I might have accomplished even less.

My parents were unhappily married. From this reality I was not guarded. Popular books in the field of child study were not available at that time, and my mother, in unburdening her mind to me, probably had no conception of the effect her confidences had. In all the struggles between my father and my mother I identified myself completely with her, and always thought him in the wrong. One day I heard her tell him that only the thought of my welfare prevented her from seeking a divorce. I solemnly assured her that I, too, could do without him, and from then on I continually urged her to follow this course. When I was a sophomore in high school my mother acted upon this advice, and the figure of my father passed out of our lives.

But the shadow of those early experiences darkened my attitude toward men and marriage long after. I was sure that I should never marry, never give any man an opportunity to ruin my life. My mother upheld me in these views. By the time I lost this support through going away to college I had read enough feminist literature and studies on marriage to encourage an opinion which had its origin in my early emotional experiences.

My mother was, without doubt, the source of a driving ambition which was sufficiently strong to buoy me up through periods of ill-health or of economic stress. But the antagonism toward men which she had also fostered dwarfed and warped my emotional development. Insistence upon one goal—the attainment of distinction by my own efforts without the need to love, honor, or obey any man—became the guiding fiction to which I tried to shape my life. The result was continual rebellion against things as they

As long as I believed, in harmony with my early teaching, that sex was a degrading and disgusting phenomenon which men enjoyed but to which women submitted only because it was a part of wifely duty, the appeal of celibacy and independence was enhanced. But with the biology and psychology courses of college and university, sex took on a new meaning. It was probably as much of a shock to me to learn that women had their share of the sexual instincts and emotions as it was to many of my classmates to come into contact with philosophical doubts concerning the religious views which they had unquestioningly accepted. My own churchgoing had been at a minimum, indulged in purely at my own whim and inclination, so that I was able to slough off what little superstition I had acquired without any sense of discomfort. But to readjust my ideas and my philosophy to a world which had suddenly lost its feminine integrity, and in which women needed men even as men needed women, was a serious matter.

It took many hours and days of reading to furnish me with a background against which I could evolve a new philosophy to settle this conflict. Westermarck, Crawley, Freud, Adler, Jung, Havelock Ellis, and Ellen Key became my daily familiars. At last I emerged with a modified viewpoint. The necessity of a normal sex life for women was a scientific fact, and I must bow to the truths established by science. I was not, however, compelled to accept the institution of marriage, which was plainly a lineal descendant of primitive rites and ceremonials having its beginnings in ideas of magic later carried over into the folkways and mores. I could recognize that I had normal sex emotions but I need not give up my freedom and independence by sub-

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mitting to any such religious or legal ceremony. By this formula, I was able to preserve my guiding fiction intact.

It is amusing, now, to look back on this process of reassurance. Men and women are inevitably possessed of a power over each other which cannot be thought out of existence or evaded by refusing to legalize a relationship. Whether or not it is conventionalized, love has a coercive effect upon individual behavior; refusal of marriage cannot alter this fact. My fine theories, which were only attempts to effect a reconciliation of my natural longing for love with my desire for personal autonomy, never stood the test of experience. Once or twice I was tempted to relinquish my profession for the ancient position of woman as wife, but the spirit of independence was too strong. I might play with the idea of submission to masculine authority, but at the first sign of any real or permanent enslavement I shrank away and clung to my liberty. There was always my work to stabilize me in these crises. And as steadily as if there had been no such thing in the world as unsatisfied emotions, I won professional advancement. The loss of dear companionship could be forgotten after a time, in the world of books waiting to be read or to be written; my feelings were eased tremendously by writing.

The long struggle between my own two greatest needs —the need for love and the need for independence—probably had its effect upon my final choice of a profession. I had originally intended to write, but the drive to understand human motives and conduct, which arose out of the necessity of solving my own problems, developed into a desire to understand all behavior, and I turned to the social sciences. Probably this was a happy decision. Had I been only a writer, I might have prolonged indefinitely my separation from reality. Through a more scientific approach, I began to see things as they actually were rather than as I wished them to be. I even came to understand that in spite of the intensity of my feeling about marriage I might be able to accept the outward form so long as the inner spirit of the relationship embodied freedom. Thus, at thirty, I went forth to meet the fate which I had so long feared—and found it good!

It is fortunate for me that this venture has been with a man of insight, imagination, and humor, who cherishes no desire to be owner or tyrant. He respects my work as much as I do his. If he does not feel quite so keenly as I the need of economic independence after marriage, he is more eager that I have leisure for creative work than I am myself. Nor is this because my writings bear witness that I am his wife, for I keep my own name. To us, marriage is no sacred bond which it would be sacrilege to sever. Rather, we regard it as a form to which we have submitted because it is the only way in which we can give expression to our love without interference. With marriage, thus interpreted, I am content. It is as if I had accomplished the impossible feat of eating my cake and having it—for I have both love and freedom, which once seemed to me such incompatible bedfellows.

Kerensky

By LOUIS FISCHER

ALEXANDER FEODOROVICH KERENSKY is forty-five years old. He is the head of a government which has ceased to exist and the editor of a paper which has ceased to appear. One pities him especially during his American stay, for we are a cruel people and we love to fete and lionize. So we have treated Kerensky as a great leader and as the representative of something which he knows he ither leads nor represents. In Europe, as he follows the eciating currencies from Prague to Berlin to Paris, they leave him in peace. There he is merely the publisher of a thin little Russian émigrés' tabloid which barks but has no bite and which nobody takes very seriously, certainly nobody in Russia. It requires courage to live such a life after history has cast you into the dustbin, and on the Continent Alexander Feodorovich either avoids the limelight or people don't bother to play it on him.

Here, however, we open a wound and remind the poor man of what he once was. I watched him carefully at a recent dinner in his honor, given by foreign correspondents, at the Brevoort in New York. A finely domed forehead marked with deep temples and crowned with a crop of short bristles; the rest of his face an anti-climax. Eyes that are weak and watery, a mouth without force, and a receding chin differentiate him sharply from Trotzky, with whom he has been compared as Russia's best orator. Kerensky has a beautiful tenor voice, and the few words he uttered in his native tongue before reading from the French were a delight to the ear. But he is soft and mellifluous where Trotzky is dynamic and magnetic. Trotzky is iron and steel; Kerensky is velvet and silk. It was Kerensky's forensic skill, his power to impress the multitude which brought him to the fore in the February revolution. It was his lack of action and his insistence on talk when deeds were demanded that made him such a miserable failure in November, 1917.

The Bolsheviks never considered Kerensky a difficult obstruction; they knew him too well. While they were in the very process of proving that his government was really provisional, he stood in the gilded halls of Peter solemnly warning the Communists not to be naughty. The record of events on November 6, 1917, is the most condemnatory proof of Kerensky's weakness in the face of a practical situation.

Everything was set for tomorrow's revolution. The Petrograd Soviet had announced the date. Now hear Kerensky, this Russian Canute: ". . . We are confronted with the opposite—a lawless issue of cartridges and arms as well as the ordering of two companies for the aid of the revolutionary staff. In such manner I establish before the Provisional Council the complete, clear, definite attitude of rebellion of a part of the population of Petrograd." In the hour of crisis and on the eve of his overthrow his chief interest was to "establish," to score legal points. And so he continues: "I have suggested that the necessary action be taken in the courts." In twenty-four hours he would be in hiding. There was shooting in the streets while he spoke. Yet all he could do was to threaten Lenin, Trotzky, and the others with court proceedings.

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At that moment Konovalov handed Kerensky a note. While I watch Kerensky at the Brevoort, I can see him in Petrograd, that afternoon of November 6, snatching for the paper with his nervous, sensitive hands. It is an order of the Petrograd Soviet to all the regiments at the front to prepare for the struggle. "Therefore," shouts Kerensky, the lawyer but never the governor, "in the capital at the present time exists a condition which in the language of legal authority and the law is called a state of rebellion." He was winning his case by proving that the Bolsheviks actually were revolutionists.

What was to be done? The Bolsheviks and their friends "must be immediately and finally disposed of." (Laughter on the extreme Left, says the stenogram.) But while the provisional statesmen debated and cheered Kerensky, "army trucks went thundering about the city and firing began in the streets."

The next day a crowd of sailors forced their way into the Marie Palace and one of them stepped up to President Avksentiev, Kerensky's side-partner. "Stop talking," said the sailor. "Go home. There is no more Council of the Republic." All power had passed to the Soviets.

And so when he is lauded at banquet tables or praised in drawing-rooms Kerensky must introspect in the true manner of the Russian intellectual and think: "How strange that these Americans, these people of action, should pay attention to me, who muffed my opportunity, who fiddled while revolution raged."

Nor did he have even a plan of action. He drifted without a program. While millions were demanding peace, bread, and land, he promised more war. He would convene a Constituent Assembly. "More talk," the masses said. The Provisional Government was a political makeshift, but it never had an economic platform. Even so anti-Bolshevik a writer as Professor Karlgren of the University of Copenhagen says:

> When the peasants after the February revolution were put off by the parties then in power with promises that their interests would certainly be considered if only they had patience, they began soon enough, from fear that they would have to wait in vain, to take matters in their own hands, to drive away the landowners, and divide their land and belongings among themselves.

The division of land began before the Bolsheviks appeared on the scene, and when they took power they sanctioned, legalized, and aided it; but Kerensky had nothing to do with this phase of the Russian economic revolution or with any other. He would have continued the *status quo*.

Politically, too, in many respects, there was continuity between Kerensky's regime and that of the Romanoffs. For instance: Boris Bakhmetieff was first the Czar's financial representative in the United States. (Nicholas II's investments here amounted to $50,000,000 in the Pennsylvania Railroad, $16,000,000 in the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and $5,000,000 each in the New York Central and Baltimore and Ohio railroads.) When the Czar fell, Bakhmetieff became the Ambassador in Washington of the Kerensky Government. Subsequently he was the accredited envoy of Kolchak and Wrangel in this country.

Or take Serge Ughet. This strange name still appears in the lists of members of the Diplomatic Corps published regularly by our Department of State. He is still the "Financial Agent of the Russian Government." It was he who spent the $187,000,000 credit opened by the United States Treasury for the Kerensky Government. But he was first appointed to Washington by the Imperial Czarist state. Kerensky took him over. When Kerensky disappeared, Serge Ughet found no difficulty in transacting business in this country for Kolchak, Denikin, and Wrangel. Mr. Ughet remains to this very day in an office on Park Avenue and admits that he gets his expenses from the so-called Council of Ambassadors in Paris, an unofficial body composed of Czarist and Kerensky diplomats who even now dispose of money lent by the French and British exchequers to Denikin, Kolchak, Wrangel, and other counter-revolutionaries.

I asked Ughet whether any of the $187,000,000 credit with which we had presented Kerensky was still available. For it had been rumored that Kerensky had come to these shores not only to get money for the *Dni*, his moribund sheet, but also to obtain ten or fifteen million dollars of unused American credit which he claimed as the only legal survivor of the Provisional Government. But Mr. Ughet insists that the entire $187,000,000 is gone. Was it all spent by Kerensky? No. Fifty-six million dollars remained when the Bolsheviks seized power. What became of that huge sum? It went to pay for supplies. And what happened to the supplies? They were shipped to Denikin, Semionov, Kolchak, etc.

The "Russian Financial Agent" was kind enough to explain one of these shipments in detail. While Kerensky was at the helm, 500 locomotives were ordered for the Russian Government from the Baldwin and American locomotive companies. Immediately after Kerensky fell the United States Government obligingly took over 400 of the engines, but the remainder got to Seattle and from there 80 were sent to Vladivostok for the Chinese Eastern Railway and 20 to Novorossiisk for Denikin. "Now," I ventured to Mr. Ughet, "Washington regards the $187,000,000 credits as part of the Bolshevik debt to this country. Do you think the Soviets should pay for locomotives presented to their enemies?"

"Yes," he replied, "all this material went to Russia. Besides the Bolsheviks captured most of the locomotives anyway."

I smiled, but did not say—because it would be no use—that on this principle the Communists should pay for captured guns or for the cartridges that killed Red Army soldiers. They all went to Russia.

Kerensky's retention of Ughet and Bakhmetieff, both Czarist agents, was characteristic. He no more broke with the past at home than he did abroad. Kerensky had eleven men in his Cabinet. Four were Cadets "who followed Miliukov in preferring a constitutional monarchy of the English type. They not only refused to proclaim a democratic republic as the popular parties desired but they refused to pledge themselves not to establish a monarchy prior to the convening of the Constituent Assembly."* Yet Kerensky kept them in his Ministry.

On March 15, 1917, the Czar abdicated. On the same day Miliukov announced that "the power will be transferred to the Regent, Grand Duke Michael." Yet Miliukov, the monarchist, was the Minister for Foreign Affairs of Kerensky who called himself a Socialist.

The composition of the Kerensky Government was first proclaimed by Miliukov in a speech to citizens, soldiers, and sailors in the Tauride Palace.

* "The Russian Bolshevik Revolution." By E. A. Ross. 1921.

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"At the head of our Ministry," says Miliukov, "we have placed a man whose name signifies the organized Russian public" (Cries: "Propertied public!"), "who was implacably persecuted by the old government; Prince G. E. Lvov, the head of the Russian Zemstvo" (Cries: "Propertied Zemstvo!"), "will be your Premier and Minister of Interior. He will replace his persecutor. You say 'Propertied public'? Yes, but the only one that is organized—which, therefore, will give other classes of Russian society an opportunity to organize."*

And yet Kerensky talks of democracy. His government in 1917 was admittedly a government of the propertied public. The people demanded land. He gave them a government of landlords and property owners. The masses had overthrown the Czar. He threatened to give them another. The millions wanted to lay down their arms. He was busy organizing offensives which sent tens of thousands to certain slaughter. Kerensky's democracy was always the democracy of the Constituent Assembly, of a forum for more words. But he had no ear for the will of the people and no courage or desire to let the people rule.

Today Kerensky is a tragic figure. He announces that he has patience with the Russian people. But he will never compromise with the Soviet Government. Neither will I ever compromise with Judge Gary. I want him to know it, and to worry about it, and to abdicate, too, because of my attitude. What Kerensky says or thinks is just as important to the Bolsheviks as my thoughts are to Judge Gary.

Labor Takes Power in Shanghai

By FRANK GODWIN

Shanghai, March 26

ON Sunday, March 20, the troops of the victorious Nationalist army were in the neighborhood of Shanghai, having utterly defeated the Northern forces opposing them. The railway line between Shanghai and Nanking had been cut in several places, and the Nationalists were virtually in control of all of China as far as the Yangtze River. The Northern soldiers who were in Shanghai were Shantung troops, "the worst bandits, murderers, rapists, and incendiaries in China," as a high official of the Shanghai (foreign) Municipal Council described them, and the Chinese districts surrounding the International Settlement of Shanghai would undoubtedly have shared the fate of Hangchow, Kashing, and other towns which were looted by the retreating Northerners had it not been for the sudden appearance here of armed workers.

The labor unions of Shanghai are well organized and powerful bodies, in spite of the suppressive attitude of both the foreign and the former Chinese authorities toward them. They are whole-heartedly (as indeed may be said of the entire Chinese people here) in favor of the Nationalists. On account of this they have been subjected recently to a murderous campaign by hired anti-Nationalist gunmen in the International Settlement (which murders, the British municipal police declared, were carried out by the labor unions themselves), and to a reign of terror of wholesale beheadings and shootings by the Chinese authorities in the territory surrounding the settlement, men sometimes being taken from the French Concession (with the apparent connivance of the French authorities) for this purpose.

These organized workers, many of whom were acquainted with the use of arms, were determined to prevent wholesale looting and killing by the retreating Northern soldiers pending the arrival of the Nationalist forces in Shanghai. As soon as the regular armies from the South were within striking distance of Shanghai a movement began which meant not merely a military occupation but a revolution. The workers in the Chinese districts stormed various places (in the south, the Arsenal; in the north, police stations), obtained arms, and took over the civil power of the Chinese area. In the south of the city the organized railway workers, with street-car men and others, well-equipped with the arms from the Arsenal, captured the railway station from the Northern troops (after a fight of some hours), hoisted the Kuomintang flag, and then proceeded to take over the police stations and other points. In the north of the city other workers, mostly postmen, street-car men, and factory workers, took control of the police stations and, armed with rifles and revolvers, attempted to capture the railway station just outside the International Settlement, which was strongly defended by Fengtien troops (including "White" Russians) with heavy artillery and armored cars.

Here the attack, beginning Monday afternoon (March 21), continued until late Tuesday afternoon. The armed workers, among whom the railway men and printers were now taking an important part, sniped at the Northern soldiers from roofs and windows, and in addition made repeated assaults both on the railway station and on the big armored car which moved up and down along the line through the district. With desperate courage many of the workers ran up to the cars, shoved pistol or rifle muzzles into the apertures, and fired inside, killing or wounding some of the defenders, but at terrible cost to themselves, hundreds being wiped out by the fire of the machine-guns and field-pieces. The armored car was almost impregnable to men without heavy artillery.

The Northern troops, responding to the attack, proceeded to lay waste the entire district around the railway station. The fire station was first destroyed, and most of the firemen shot dead as they endeavored to escape from the burning building, so that there could be no interference with the work of burning buildings. Assuming (apparently correctly) that every civilian was an enemy, anyone seen on the streets was shot at, and hundreds of peaceful civilians, from old men and women to little children, were shot dead or destroyed in the fires which soon began to blaze around the station. As the inhabitants ran out of their burning homes they were shot down. All Monday night the flames mounted to the sky, and Tuesday the soldiers still kept up their work. Some of the "White" Russians were already making their way into the International Settlement, but most of the Chinese still held out, looting many

* "The Russian Bolshevik Revolution." By E. A. Ross. 1921.

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buildings before they burned them. Some of the soldiers came into the settlement loaded with loot, which the municipal authorities did not interfere with in the slightest.

Throughout the Chinese districts, except around the North Railway Station and along the line where fighting was going on, the armed workers maintained peace and order. Parades and processions celebrating the Nationalist victory were the order of the day. Crowds filled the streets, and foreigners in these districts moved about without experiencing any antagonism whatsoever. The present writer walked about through these areas, or went by motor car, without molestation or interference of any kind. The control by the workers was not stringent, and many of the new guardians of the public peace moved about with no weapons but slender bamboo sticks, giving a false impression of laxity which some looters tried to take advantage of with the result that two of the latter were promptly shot dead, and no further looting was attempted.

In striking contrast to this free and friendly atmosphere was the panic prevailing in the foreign concessions which include most of the territory and population of the city of Shanghai. All around the settlement boundary were heavy barricades and barbed wire, with British troops and marines of various nationalities on guard. Even in parts of Chinese territory where foreigners had residences the foreign forces put up barricades and barbed wire. One of the most amusing features of the situation was the fact that between the International Settlement and the French Concession, which adjoin each other, barricades and barbed wire were put up on both sides, by the French to keep out dangerous characters from the International (predominantly British) side, by the British to keep out dangerous characters from the French Concession. A state of emergency, practically equivalent to martial law, was declared by the Shanghai Municipal Council.

Monday morning the whole Chinese population of Shanghai took a holiday in honor of the coming of the Nationalist liberators. The general walkout not only included the workers, called out by their unions, but thousands of shopkeepers who, throughout the city, closed up their shutters and devoted the day to celebrating. In the Chinese areas controlled by the workmen there were meetings and parades. In the settlement the meetings were indoors, and even the shooting off of fire-crackers (China's characteristic expression of jubilation from time immemorial) was banned by the police. Frightful stories were given wide circulation by the Shanghai Municipal Police and by the British press (there is no American daily press) of Shanghai, regarding the "state of anarchy" in the Chinese districts where "Communist ruffians" were carrying on "reigns of terror." All these stories were pure inventions by anti-Nationalist elements, but they were given to a gullible and panic-stricken public as facts, creating a psychology akin to frenzy among the mass of Europeans and even Americans here. All sorts of articles were printed and distributed in the British papers, all sorts of rumors invented and published, of a type to stir up animosity, foment trouble, cause public alarm, and incite to a breach of the peace.

Monday evening and Tuesday the Nationalist troops occupied the Chinese districts. Tuesday afternoon regular artillery reached the North Station, where the Fengtien soldiers were still holding out. Upon the news that the regular Nationalist army was approaching there was a mad stampede among the Northern bandit-troops. All along the northern border of the settlement in the neighborhood of the railway station hundreds of these men, Chinese and occasional Russians, laid down their arms and begged the British troops on duty to open the gates and let them into the settlement. At several places along the line this was done, but the fleeing troops, in a frenzy of fear after their reign of slaughter, pillage, and arson, began to pour through the gates at a pace which alarmed the British troops into firing at them with machine-guns in order to stop the rush. Sixty-five were killed on one street and more than a hundred at another place. Scores more were shot down at various places along the boundary.

In fairness to the British soldiers it must be said that many did not understand that it was Northerners who were making the rush. There was a widespread impression that the men "crashing the gate" were Nationalists. One soldier on North Honan Road walked over to one of the dying men and kicked him viciously, with the remark: "Well, there's one of the bloody Cantonese I got." To make up for this unfortunate misunderstanding, it was announced the following day that all the bandit-soldiers who had been accorded the hospitality of the International Settlement in their flight from the drastic justice of the people would be sent by boat to Shantung to assist further in the war which their chief, Marshal Chang Tsung-chang, is making against the advancing forces of Chinese Nationalism, a war which he ingenuously explains is to protect the Chinese people from the horrors of communism. Tuesday night the last of the brave "anti-Communists" were gone, excepting for a hundred or so taken prisoner by the Nationalist soldiers, including a number of "White" Russians.

"Gone but not forgotten." The bandit-troops left behind them in Chapei acres upon acres of charred and blackened remnants of Chinese homes, with the roasted bodies of young and old within. Scores of bodies, mostly workmen but many elderly gentlefolk and young children, lay in pools of blood along the streets. As a final act the troops had mined the streets and open spaces close to the railway station, but the keen-eyed labor snipers saw this, and removed the mines as soon as the last of the bandits had been either disposed of or had been taken into the kindly embrace of their friends of the foreign settlement.

Thus the whole Chinese area of Shanghai outside the International Settlement came into the Nationalist hands, with the exception of a few square miles of territory to the north and west of the settlement which are occupied by British and Japanese troops. How long they will stay there is not known, but it is not likely that the Nationalist authorities, when their administration is established here, will tolerate the presence of foreign forces upon territory to which the foreigners have no legal title or right whatsoever.

The general holiday of the Chinese people ended Thursday morning, and there has been a general resumption of work. In some places, however (most of all in the post office), a serious shortage of labor exists, due to the fact that many of the workers are engaged in police and other public work in the Chinese areas. These official duties are, however, already being turned over to the authorized representatives of the Nationalist Government. The labor unions are retaining their hard-won arms and ammunition, and four hours' military drill is now included in the week's program of the educational committee of the labor unions.

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On Wednesday, March 23, with Nationalist troops a few miles from Nanking, the capital of Kiangsu Province, the order was given to the Northern troops to evacuate the city. Nanking is a great city of the old style, the city wall having a circumference of some twenty-odd miles. There is little modern industry, and the labor unions which were so successful in maintaining order in Shanghai are embryonic at most. Thursday's attacks began upon foreigners. The origin of these attacks is obscure, but several things are certain: They started when both Northern and Nationalist soldiers were within the city walls. The Northern soldiers (who have a propaganda staff with them) were furious at the shooting of their fellows by the foreign troops in Shanghai two days before. The savagery and lack of discipline of these bandit troops could be utilized by Northern propagandists to the disadvantage of the Nationalists, who would naturally be held responsible for whatever went on in the city after they had captured it. But there are also reports that the Nationalists' hands were not clean. "Soldiers in Nationalist uniforms" are said to have been responsible for the looting of the American Consulate and other places. A Japanese report states that Cantonese troops fired upon the Japanese warship from the shore.

The following day the Nationalist army was in full control of the city and order was rapidly being restored.

This is the situation today. The Nationalist troops are masters of China clear to the Yangtze, and are forcing their way toward Peking in the north. The province of Honan is already in their hands, the province of Shensi to the west is in the hands of their ally Feng Yu-hsiang (the "Christian General"); Shansi to the north is in friendly hands.

In Shanghai a new thing has come—labor control. The laborers took over power as a temporary thing, and are now yielding it to the regular Nationalist forces, but they have not surrendered their arms, and remain as a bulwark against possible attempts at military rule here. There is a new spirit among them which, developed and enlightened, may lead the workers of China to greater things than their revered philosophers have ever dreamed of—possibly, even, to political power and industrial freedom.

[Since Mr. Godwin wrote his article Chiang Kai-shek has broken with his own Nationalist Party and bloodily disarmed the workers who resisted him, at a cost of several hundred lives.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

To My Mother

By MAYNARD MACK

There is a loveliness in things like these:
The first dull flare of dogwood on the hills
In May—the fragrance of the cherry trees
Along a country lane—and daffodils.
There is a loveliness in feathered seeds,
In rain, and sky—and in the lonely wind,
Brooding like Pan among his broken reeds
O'er fields loved once, but left long since behind.
There was a beauty in these things, but now
That I have learned to know the gentle grace
Of years, the wistful peace of a tired face,
And calm of care-worn eyes, and silver hair—
Oh now a bud and blossom on a bough
Are little things that I have lost somewhere.

Swift Injustice in Oklahoma

By MAURINE HALLIBURTON McGEE

WHILE it is improbable that the latest occupant of death row at the McAlester penitentiary will be forced to pay the penalty given him, Judge Charles Swindall of the Twentieth Judicial District of Oklahoma has not yet been moved by the storm of protest which arose upon his decision in the case of nineteen-year-old Dave Brown, whose chief crime, it seems, is that he refused to divulge the names of his two accomplices in a daylight bank robbery at Jet, Oklahoma. No one was killed, no one was wounded by the prisoner or his companions, but under a new law robbery with firearms is punishable by life-imprisonment or death. The boy's confession was the first clue to the identity of the bandits. At Cherokee the case came before Judge Swindall, who prides himself upon dealing out "swift justice." The boy pleaded guilty and the judge offered him a light sentence if he would tell the names of his confederates. This the youthful criminal steadfastly refused to do. Even when the judge threatened him with the death penalty if he did not make a full confession, implicating the two others and revealing their identity, he stood firm. This is a dangerous precedent to establish, the use of the death penalty as a third-degree measure: a light sentence if the prisoner does what the judge tells him, regardless of his crime, but the death penalty if he offends or annoys the judge!

Dave Brown stood firm in his resolve to bear his sentence alone. Death row received him and he will die, if Judge Swindall has his way, on the twentieth of May. There was no consideration of the influences which shaped this boy's life. His grandmother, Mrs. W. C. Wright, testified that when he was nine years old his parents separated; at thirteen he entered the United States army; he served overseas with the American Expeditionary Forces and received a head wound, for which he was treated in a hospital at Washington, D. C., on returning from France. His grandmother believes that he is unbalanced and has not committed this crime or others to which he has confessed.

The picture of Judge Swindall lies before me as I write. There is not much hope of softening that face, long and lean and hard as a Puritan Father's, bent upon the extermination of a life. He is quoted as saying: "If they don't want to come clean, they had better stay out of the Twentieth District!" Again, the stress lies, not on the crime, but on the fulness of the confession. It is the confession that is to be judged, against it the punishment will be meted. The Judge says: "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." But whoever heard of death as a preventive measure? One wonders whether the judge's justice is not too swift to be just. Oklahoma thinks that it is. The day following the verdict Mabel Bassett, State Commissioner of Charities and Corrections, declared her intention of appealing directly to Governor Johnson. It is almost certain that a stay of execution will be granted, as the defendant has six months in which to perfect the appeal. The editor of the *Tiny Times*, a feature of the Oklahoma City *Times*, says: "It seems incredible that Judge Swindall made a confession implicating the other robbers the weight in the scales between a life sentence and a death sentence." Nor does this indicate an indifferent attitude toward crime. A few years' imprisonment would have been a suitable punishment; a life-sentence would have been severe; death is unthinkable.

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In the Driftway

MODERN youth is wild and reckless and radical, we are so often told that we have almost come to believe it. Perhaps it isn't so. Perhaps it is only that the world changes, that everybody of our time is a little different from those of any other era, that youth shares in the differences instead of standing still. And after all it is probable that the changes are not as considerable as some of us hope and others of us fear. Modern life may be like the ocean—a lot of lashing and lather on the surface with miles of unmoved depths below.

* * * * *

THE Duluth *Herald* has been canvassing Duluth high-school boys to find out what they think of the modern girl and what kind they like best. Does the flapper type win the palm? Hardly. "Give me the bashful type of girl, one that's not spoiled like most of these flappers are," says an all-around athlete of whom his companions assert that he "can have the pick of any girl in the school—they're all crazy about him."

> Why? Well, gee, that's hard to explain. But the girls that dress in style, not extreme, who study, and who can really talk to a fellow are best. Every day one reads about this one and that one saying that all the girls and boys of today think of is necking. Maybe that is true to some extent, but I think it's only among a certain group in every school. The majority of fellows here at school, and the majority of the girls, too, don't go in for that stuff as much as a lot of these later-day Jeremiahs would like to have people believe. We may be a bit freer than they were in their youth, but we still hold close to old ideals and standards.

Another boy, more disillusioned, says from the dregs of bitter experience:

> These flappers are nothing but baby gold-diggers. They read so much mush, and believe all the movies they see, that they think us fellows are made of money and every time we take 'em out they try to make us spend as much as possible. You're a piker if you don't, and once get that stamp from a girl and you have a tough time getting others to go with you any place. They all want a good time, and we have to pay for it. But the more serious girls don't. At least I've had that experience. That's one reason why I like them better than flappers.

"A beautiful dumb girl is pitiful," one brave lad announces. "Brainy, beautiful, and quiet, that's the ideal girl for me. But try to find one," he adds sadly.

* * * * *

FORTUNATELY the flappers have their defenders. "We're for 'em every time," says one young man. "They are not doing wrong; just mixing in a little pleasant good time along with the serious things of school life. Why should we pick on crape-hangers? We are young only once." And another boy insists that the flapper is merely "misunderstood." Ah, there you have it! The Drifter had guessed as much all along. The flapper is like all her sisters since Mother Eve. No better proof could be adduced of the conservatism of the ultra-modern young woman. This one poignant word links her inextricably with the Eternal Feminine.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

To Christians!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is many a year since I have given a dollar to foreign missions, nor do I expect ever to give another. But I will give $25 to any fund the churches raise to help the Chinese pay the reparations which the anti-Christian Government of the United States has demanded from that liberty-loving people. If the churches in America really desire to express the spirit of Him who said "thy cloak also," they can, by paying our country's share of the reparations from poverty-stricken China, regain for America the lost friendship of one-quarter of the human race, and open the door for Christ in the Eighteen Provinces. Furthermore, they can open the door for Christ in Washington, D. C.

Brooklyn, New York, April 12 FREDERICK J. POHL

Missionaries, Guns, and Indemnities

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I appreciate the fairness of *The Nation* in promptly publishing the authoritative statement of Clarence E. Gauss, Consul General at Shanghai, to the Secretary of State, denying the report of G. A. Kennedy that the Rev. Dr. John E. Williams, vice-president of Nanking University, was killed as he "drew his revolver." We have the clear statement of Americans of high character who were with Dr. Williams at the time and were eyewitnesses of all that occurred. One of them, Dr. A. J. Bowen, president of the university, says that "Dr. Williams had no weapon of any kind. I don't believe he ever owned a gun in his life. The Cantonese soldiers searched us thoroughly for weapons. They found none."

The missionary message is one of peace and good-will. Among the 7,663 missionaries connected with Protestant missionary work in China an occasional individual, under pressure of great provocation, with the safety of women and children in mind, may invoke the protection of his government; but the overwhelming consensus of missionary opinion is adverse to any identification of the missionary enterprise with military or naval force. Many missionaries would have remained at their stations in this present disturbance if it had not been for the urgent representations of the American Minister and consuls that by staying they would intensify the danger of international complications, since whatever their own feelings might be, the government regards them as its nationals and cannot acquiesce in their desire to be considered otherwise than as American citizens. Missionary annals abound with instances of missionaries who have laid down their lives rather than voluntarily run away from their posts or defend themselves with weapons. You will be interested to know that the official Missions Code used by all the leading boards and societies of foreign missions in the United States and Canada, an octavo volume of 744 closely printed pages listing 50,380 code words for every conceivable need and emergency that might arise in connection with foreign missionary work, contains no code word for pistol, revolver, gun, rifle, or weapon of any kind. The use of force in connection with missionary work lies so entirely outside the range of missionary work and the spirit of the missionaries that neither the boards nor the missionaries have any use for such words.

As for indemnities, the Presbyterian Board has written to the State Department that it has never sought financial compensation for the death of a missionary and that it will not do so for the death of Dr. Williams.

New York, April 14 ARTHUR J. BROWN,
Secretary, Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions

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Dragging America into the China War

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We have three American officials here. The Consul General, Clarence E. Gauss, who was transferred here recently from Tientsin, has had long service in China and understands the situation thoroughly from the modern standpoint. Then we have Admiral Charles S. Williams, who has been in the Far East for a considerable period, and who also should know something about the situation. In addition we have Colonel Hill, commander of the marine forces now stationed in the American ships in the Shanghai harbor.

When the trouble started at Shanghai a number of American naval craft were sent here in accordance with the usual practice. When the thing got a little worse, following the Hankow trouble, about three hundred marines were sent here from Guam, the marines being quartered on the gunboats in the harbor. Following the occupation of Chekiang Province by the Cantonese troops we received cable advices that the Chaumont was coming out with about 1,500 marines, but that it was being sent to Manila rather than Shanghai. Gauss told American visitors very definitely that the marines were going to Manila, but suddenly he was surprised to find that the Chaumont had been diverted by the Admiral without consultation with the Consul General, and was coming to Shanghai. When the Chaumont arrived, it anchored at the Standard Oil installation, about eight miles down the river from the Shanghai Bund. The Standard Oil Company has considerable property on the Pootung side of the river—enough there for a small golf course. The marines have been taken ashore almost daily and given exercise and training maneuvers in the isolated Standard Oil compound, where they attract little attention.

But since the British troops landed very great pressure has been brought to bear upon the American authorities to permit the American marines to participate in the demonstration march through the streets of the International Settlement. Gauss steadily opposed this, and said upon several occasions that it was not necessary in view of the fact that the marines were receiving plenty of exercise at the Standard Oil installation. However, it was rumored around town that the American marines were coming ashore for a demonstration march through the settlement. Gauss told his visitors again that he had advised against it; he added that the Admiral was running the show and that if such a march were held he disavowed all responsibility for any possible ill effects. He advised the Admiral, if such a march were held, not to use the band or display the flag unduly. But the Admiral gave the order, and even held a review before the grandstand where the British troops are stationed!

Now, it is being rumored around again that the American marines are to be brought ashore and billeted in the city similarly to the British and Italian forces, again against Gauss's advice. Of course, heavy pressure is brought to bear on our naval and marine forces to take full part in everything that the British are doing. All of the American officers in both the naval and marine forces have been put up at the Shanghai Club, where they meet the British officers every day, and learn that America is a quitter unless she joins the British, etc., etc.

Thus is American policy made in the Far East!

Shanghai, China, March 15 FREDERICK HOUGH

["Frederick Hough" is the pseudonym of an American business man long resident in Shanghai.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

For Free Seamen

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The International Seamen's Club has recently been organized in the Port of New York, with the object of providing a place where progressive seamen may gather for recreational and educational purposes, without being under the watchful supervision and patronage of shipowners or missionary workers. A clubroom has been outfitted at 26 South Street and a radio has been provided. We appeal to readers of *The Nation* to send us fiction relating to the sea, liberal and radical journals, marine journals, popular scientific magazines. It should be addressed to E. Hillyer, Secretary International Seamen's Club, 26 South Street, New York City.

New York, April 6 E. HILLYER

Of Thomas W. Gregory

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your current issue you permit yourself to use the words humbug and scalawag in connection with Mr. T. W. Gregory. Only those who were associated with the great-hearted gentleman whom you thus insult can fully appreciate how firmly he withstood the pressure from all parts of our country during the years of war hysteria to make of the Department of Justice what you like to pretend it was and how earnestly he strove to protect from difficulty those who were unjustly suspected or accused.

Mr. Gregory obeyed his oath to enforce the law as Congress wrote it. There are those who believe that that was his plain duty, and that it was and remains the duty of the citizen to obey the law as it is written. It should need no demonstration that neither the Attorney General nor his immediate assistants had any control over the judges. It was equally impossible that they should direct in detail every act of every district attorney. But it may be as well to remind *The Nation* that the most spectacular of all the convictions under the espionage act was sustained by a unanimous opinion of the Supreme Court, written by Mr. Justice Holmes.

The Nation might, among other things, have remembered:

1. That the espionage act would very likely have been passed by Congress in a very much more extreme form except for the opposition of Mr. Gregory. The resignation of my predecessor as assistant attorney general was due to a difference of view upon this very subject.

2. That Mr. Gregory placed in charge of the special war work of the Department a distinguished lawyer who had been an outstanding progressive when there were such.

3. That the presence of Mr. Brandeis upon the Supreme Court is due more to the fact that Mr. Gregory was Attorney General than to any other one circumstance.

Boston, Massachusetts, April 8 LARUE BROWN

Good for Mobile!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of April 6 appears the following:

> On March 8 Clarence Darrow was forced to leave Mobile, Alabama, after being threatened with lynching because in a speech to Negroes in a school-building he deplored lynching and Southern justice. Police with drawn revolvers guarded Mr. Darrow out of town; Ku Klux handbills denouncing him were passed around to the crowd that pursued him.

This is at least 99 per cent untrue. Some portion of the Darrow speech referred to, made to Negroes, has called forth unfavorable comment here, but such criticism never assumed the proportion of threatened mob violence. "Armed guards" and all such are figments of sensationalism.

Mobile, Alabama, April 7 LEON SCHWARZ, City Commissioner

[We are delighted to print Mr. Schwarz's statement. Independent investigation confirms his denial of reports in usually reliable newspapers.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

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Books, Music, Plays

The Second Daughter

By IDELLA PURNELL

The second daughter in an alien house,
The first girl in her own,
She is knitted mind to mind with one,
With the other, bone to bone.

In one she gathers crystal flowers
From the spirit's flood;
In the other, dark and heavy fruit
From primeval blood.

This is the hidden reason
That she is deeply wise;
With spring and harvest season
Brooding in her eyes.

Journalists in China

China and the Powers. By Henry Kittredge Norton. The John Day Company. $4.

The Revolt of Asia: The End of the White Man's World Dominance. By Upton Close. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Our Far Eastern Assignment. By Felix Morley. Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.

IT is "mere whimpering" for the Chinese to complain of foreign privileges in China, as Mr. Norton sees it; China's troubles are of her own making. The Chinese Republic is a "political nebula," without "the slightest tendency in the direction of the establishment of a republic or any other government in which there is popular participation." On the other hand, "the foreigners"—Mr. Norton included—"look upon these matters [the special privileges] as sacred rights obtained and consecrated by treaty agreement with the government of China. They are rights upon which hundreds of millions of dollars have been invested, a vast commerce built up, and the lives of thousands of foreigners planned." China, indeed, is in a hard way; she suffers from devotion to the past, but today, when "age and wisdom surrender in despair to the immature and inexperienced judgments of youth, we have a situation fraught with the gravest danger."

If the Nationalist Revolution will, in the sweet and reasonable manner in which revolutions ought to be conducted, follow a strictly peaceful and legal course, Mr. Norton will greet it with a friendly smile and the assurance that "the Powers will meet them more than half way." If the revolution behaves like a revolution, Mr. Norton will deprecate it, calmly but severely.

To those who want the story of China presented without passion, with a forgiving understanding of the impulses of all the foreign Powers except Russia, I recommend "China and the Powers." But for those who want to understand why the Chinese volcano is spouting fire and lava, and into what shapes the titanic forces are molding the peoples of Eastern Asia one might as well recommend a dictionary. It contains all the words necessary to understanding, but——.

Mr. Norton left China before the Cantonese movement was big enough to be discerned from the Legation Quarter in Peking, which, perhaps, explains his calm; Mr. Close has just returned, and he is still smoky from the fire of his recent experiences. He is excited. He writes like a Hearst editorial. He has been tossed by an earthquake and knows that it was an earthquake, and he wants the world to know it, too. He skims from Tokio through Korea, China, the Philippines, French Indo-China, independent Siam, Burma, India, Persia, renascent Turkey, to Egypt. Everywhere he sees the white man's empire slipping. He sees that white men have first maddened the East by their own greed and caste prejudice and then taught it all the tools of rule and war; he sees "a little group in Russia, possessed half by idealism, half by a mania for power," become "the agent of destiny in bringing the eventful era of domination by the white race to its end." He sees the British Empire at bay, desperate; and Japan, responsive to the spirit of the times, aligned at last with the new Asia. He sees Gandhi preaching one cultural revolt, and young Hu Shih asserting that pragmatism, "the greatest contribution to philosophical thought since Aristotle," will redeem Asia. And he sees America, unwilling to free the Philippines, tragically ready to take the onus of the white man's burden off tired England's shoulders. Only America among the great Powers, he says, has the resources to check Asia's self-assertion; and he ends uncertain of her choice. His breathlessness is fatiguing; but his excitement is justified.

Mr. Morley is neither breathless nor blind. He visited the East in the interval of calm between the passion which followed the Shanghai shootings and the stormy rise of the Cantonese. No better editorials on the Chinese crisis are appearing in America today than those in the Baltimore *Sun*, and their background lies in the experiences described in this travelogue. In 174 pages Mr. Morley contrives to sum up, with a talent for common sense, the essentials of the Japanese effort to create a synthetic democracy; the silent wrestling-match of Japan and Russia in Manchuria; the epic awakening of China, the germination of which he observed at Canton; and the human aspiration of the Filipinos for their promised but ever-deferred independence.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

Deus ex Machina

The Myth of the Individual. By Charles W. Wood. The John Day Company. $2.50.

CHARLES W. WOOD is a journalist who is ever seeking news from Nowhere. And his utopia is not a land of dreams but one of bustling, clanging reality—industrial America. It is his enthusiastic belief that here and now the American people have the means of realizing the greatest hopes of mankind, if they but understood the real nature of that machine industry which they have developed so marvelously.

According to Mr. Wood, the machine was turned from its true purpose by the capitalist who saw in it merely a method of creating large profits. For the very nature of the machine is to produce abundantly. The capitalist, fearful of overproduction, and the laborer, fearful of unemployment, have tried to limit output. But all in vain. The machine has run away from both of them; it produces more than ever. It seems to be driven by an almost mystical impulse to turn out a sufficiency of goods so that no one need go hungry or naked.

Mr. Wood discusses many subjects in his book—business, family, war, crime, politics, religion—but every chapter ends in a hymn to the machine. The great problem of our times, he declares, is the result of the fact that we persist in clinging to the outworn ideas of the pre-machine age. And the most obsolete of these ideas is "ownership." "Capitalism," says Mr. Wood, "is not a system. It is merely a superstitious belief that industry can be owned." The machine has abolished individual ownership, and in doing so it has made all mankind interdependent. That is the "Industrial Revelation." Contrary to general belief the individual is now a "myth," since in industry he cannot function by himself in any way whatsoever. A wagon can be owned but not a steam engine; the latter is, in its very nature, social because it cannot be worked except collectively.

Who, then, is the capitalist? He is, declares Mr. Wood, es-

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sentially a pawn-broker, a survival of medieval times, whose object is to lend money at high rates of interest, not to produce goods. The scientist, not the capitalist, created and developed modern industry. What the capitalist did was to pervert its uses for his own selfish interests. Does the solution of the problem therefore lie in getting rid of the capitalist? But in that way lies socialism. As Mr. Wood does not believe in ownership, either private or public, he must find a solution elsewhere. And he finds it in the ideas of Henry Ford, on whom he once wrote a famous interview-article. The Ford policy of buying labor at the highest price and selling goods at the lowest price establishes, in the author's opinion, industry on the basis of service to the community. It is "industry" versus "business," and Ford's great success means the inevitable downfall of business. The death-knell of capitalism has been sounded by the honk of the tin lizzie.

There is growing up a Ford legend. It is that of a great social philosopher at the helm of industry, which he guides for the benefit of the workers. Service is his watchword. The plain fact of the matter is that Ford is a business man. His views on social problems betray ignorance so abysmal and notions so puerile that they merit no serious consideration. But when Ford talks business it is quite another story. There he shows a striking originality and a daring venturesomeness for which he cannot be too highly praised. He is therefore not a Robert Owen, dominated by a passion to renovate society and using his business talents for that purpose, but a captain of industry dominated by a passion to renovate business methods. Like Judge Gary, Ford is opposed to any fundamental change in the existing order. The only difference is that Ford is a much better business man than the Judge. Then why the legend? It is really a new soft pillow to make sensitive capitalists feel at ease in a critical world. Once the soft pillow was philanthropy; then, settlement work; then, a Message to Garcia; now it is service.

In spite of digressions and repetitions Mr. Wood's book is a stimulating contribution to contemporary thought. Eloquent exhortation, witty paradox, a quaint turn of phrase, a novel point of view enliven its pages. Perhaps the most original thing in the volume is its assimilation of machine industry to Christian ethics. Mr. Wood has baptized the machine. In throbbing steel he beholds a universal power for the welfare of mankind; hence it is the greatest of all spiritual forces.

J. Salwyn Schapiro

Portrait of a Young Woman in New York

Andy Brandt's Ark. By Edna Bryner. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

THE mystery of Althea bulks large in this book; but its kernel of gold is the portrait of a young woman who has lifted herself by her bootstraps out of the slough of despond, lower middle-class and somewhat subhuman, in which Althea is still struggling, to the dizzy heights of a large well-lighted attic studio in New York, furnished with the latest thing in furniture and the latest thing in books. Sitting on these dizzy heights, new enough evidently so that she is continually overwhelmed by them, though at the same time she has the sensation of being "fixed in her familiar surroundings like a specimen, some species of hardy winged creature of good warm brown touched with gold, settled by a cunning intent hand for the truth of its being amid its precise field of flowers"—sitting exultantly on these heights, Andy Brandt gets a letter that draws her back into family complications. Her younger sister Althea is in serious trouble. It is a good deal of a hardship to leave New York and Michael and the opera and theater and supper parties and luncheon parties and tea parties, but Andy Brandt gets on the train.

Miss Bryner uses various of the ratiocinative methods of Conan Doyle and Henry James. She adds to their devices her own interesting one of unraveling her plot through an individual's discovery of the family out of which she has grown. So interesting that I read patiently on to discover what or who was to blame for the Brandts in spite of the difficulties of the thick and at times almost unintelligible style that has borrowed the worst features of half a dozen experimenters. "Lean darkness with its fresh English air infused with oriental luminousness met swelling roundness crackling points of light over its strong soft texture," Andy says succinctly of her husband and herself.

In her sleuthing visits she makes herself as common as the brothers and sisters-in-law she investigates. They find to their joy that she can talk their language and that although she is a writer the underclothes she hangs out on the line are silk and colored. But this commonness is outside. Inside she is looking down on them from the secure heights of her New York apartment. Seen from those heights the emotional entanglements of a lower middle-class family are maddeningly trivial, and need only the sharp sword of common sense, which she unsparingly applies. In her world such complications do not arise. She and Michael have learned to live without drudgery, to be married without children, and to keep from knowing all the people they don't want to know. This last knowledge they continue to practice even when swayed by knight errantry. For when Andy fails to interest her brothers in assuming the responsibility for the deserted father, she does not ask him to live with her. Family responsibilities evidently belong to those already inured to them. The idea that she might take the old man does cross her mind, but she reassures herself that he would be lost away from his woods, forgetting that woods are to be had at New York's back door for a few dollars down. And when she wonders if she is not endangering the peace of her older brother's home by shipping her mother to him, it does not occur to her that she herself, armored as she is in success and urbanity and a knowledge of modern languages and modern psychology, and possessed of a husband who understands all things, should be the one to assume the risk. Again, when Althea comes to her a second time for succor, she receives that budding clinical case with enthusiasm, saying, you are made of silk and you are trying to live with people who are made of cotton. Until Althea turns her fault-finding talents on Andy too and is promptly told that she is a silly little fool who has a good husband and no real troubles in the world.

Andy is an engaging young person, with all the zest and naivete and courage and endurance that belong to pioneers. The book in which she records herself is full of honest attempts to reproduce moods, ideals, remembered incidents, and real people. From it one learns a great deal about how a fairly typical young woman of the newest vintage thinks and feels.

Alice Beal Parsons

Unamuno's Epilogue

L'Agonie du christianisme. Par Miguel de Unamuno. Traduit du texte espagnol inédit par Jean Cassou. Paris: F. Rieder et Cie.

UNAMUNO has told us in one of his best essays that as a youth he walked far and wide through the fields of European culture, but after a weary excursion he could not find anything of interest in them. In "The Tragic Sentiment of Life," however, he has also told us that the gnawing doubt which forms the substance of his thought, and which has obsessed him for so long, was a struggle between the heart and the mind, between faith and reason. This struggle, which constitutes Unamuno's main claim to the attention of the world—because his importance as a Spaniard rests elsewhere—has naturally been supposed by its readers to be a sincere one. We thought it was a struggle in which Unamuno himself stood

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as a dispassionate spectator, tragically torn it is true by the possibility of the defeat of any one of the antagonists within his mind, but unwilling in any case to show for either of them —faith or reason—any partiality.

There were, however, some indications which made one suspect at times that Unamuno was not, as he claimed to be, an impartial spectator to the struggle enacted in his mind; that he was, though perhaps unwittingly, partial to his faith; that he owed it a loyalty he had never denied it in the depths of his heart. In a review of "Essays and Soliloquies" I have already implied my doubts as to his intellectual impartiality. But I did not have then sufficient evidence for a radical criticism. There was, however, the whole subtle trend of Unamuno's thought, a consideration of which led one to suspect his intimate sincerity. There was also the intimation he frequently gave of his ideals and desiderata, which were not impartial to the struggle within his mind. For as far as the reader was able to discern, these appeared addressed apologetically to one of the forces which contended within him, his faith. There were besides, dating from his early writings, those expressions for which Unamuno had become famous in Spain: "let them invent" (referring to Europeans), "that dirty logic," "what is science to me?" He who had traveled through the fields of European culture had evidently never been more than an unsympathetic tourist. Emotionally and intellectually, by training and by temperament he had always been more adapted to understand "his great African, Augustine," than the cold calculation of the physicist or the inhuman analysis of the biochemist. But there was yet another fact, much more telling than these, though more intimate; and that was, that while he was telling his readers he was the victim of the struggle of his reason and his faith, he was engaged in the composition of a strange mystic poem, "The Christ of Velazquez," which showed, better than his own pronunciamentos, where his loyalties rested.

These facts, significant as they were then for the proper interpretation of "The Tragic Sentiment of Life" and for the immediate evaluation of his ideology, assume now a much greater importance in view of the present book. In this book Unamuno can no longer conceal his real preoccupations. Insincere one may not call, of course, so impulsive a man. But certainly he cannot now escape the accusation of blind ignorance of his own heart. He has already left behind the tragic sentiment of life. He comes out now with what one had already suspected was his real problem: a purely religious struggle, "the agony of Christianity" within himself. The philosopher is here entirely eclipsed by the mystic. The "logic of passion," the meaning of which he leaves the reader to interpret for himself, the avalanche of his paradoxes, and the impact of his epigrams are now totally directed toward the problem of his faith as a Christian and a Catholic. The intellectual problems of modern Europe concern him no longer, except in so far as they may be vaguely present to the introvert religious consciousness. And as to immortality, the doubt of its possibility no longer drives him to despair; he now accepts immortality on faith.

"L'Agonie du christianisme" is a strange book, worth reading even if one is not especially interested in the self-inflicted tortures of the mystic. It is the passionate explosion of a noble mind in which intellectual harmony has disappeared and in which the search for truth no longer obtrudes its cacophonous note upon the tortured song of a fervid soul in the throes of one of its raptures. It obviously embodies glaring flashes of a consciousness on the edge of dissolution. And for those who have been interested in the career of Unamuno as the most prominent figure of the generation of '98 in Spain, or as a philosopher of despair, it is of the greatest importance because it is not only the epilogue to "The Tragic Sentiment of Life"—it seems to be Unamuno's swan song as well. The incidents which have been recently tearing at his heart—his exile, the tragedy of his country—have, one must say, broken the intellectual resistance of a man who, in his day, yielded to no one in daring and courage. Impotent in front of tragic circumstances, he has chosen the easier way, and has abandoned himself entirely to the arms of mysticism. At last he has found peace.

ELISEO VIVAS

Poet of Intricate Conceits

7 P. M. and Other Poems. By Mark Van Doren. Albert and Charles Boni. $1.75.

THE poetic performance of Mr. Mark Van Doren has been steadily limited, but it is neither unpretentious nor slight. He knows his own mind, accepts certain formal limitations, and refuses to amplify his poems beyond the point where their perceptions would perplex his sense of order. Some of his poems, as a matter of course, are less interesting than others. In all of them, however, he knows definitely what he is doing. This quality alone, of poise, of self-direction, would be enough to set him apart as an anomaly among contemporary poets. When the unusual which is not at the same time the novel rears up its head among us, the conspiracy of ignorance settles quietly upon our heads: poetry these days is seldom read with attention. In the case of Mr. Van Doren, the upshot of the anomaly is that he is called an unambitious singer of country matters. It is the opinion of this reviewer that Mr. Van Doren is one of the most ambitious poets now writing, and that the course of his poetry, in two volumes, is a growth in intensity, complexity, and range.

To assign any poetry to its niche in the halls of the literar psychologists is a dangerous, a little presumptuous, and often a meaningless affair; yet it is fairly clear that Mr. Van Doren's poetry appears in terms of the intellect. In the last ten years only the poets who are difficult, or who suffer an inarticulate pessimism, have been described as intellectual. The intellect of W. B. Yeats's later poems has evidently not been consulted. There is no criticism, likewise, for a style like Mr. Van Doren's, which, without having been in the least influenced by Yeats, displays much of the same sort of approach to poetry as Yeats's work since about 1912. The singular smoothness and surface clarity of his verse are due to a rigorous confinement of the material to a definitely conceived and arbitrarily limited plane. The plane is that of ideas, toward which, after careful eliminations, the mixture of experience that the poet must share with other men is gathered up. The elusive quality which his poetry has at its best emerges usually in visual terms, but its effectiveness is due to sudden, almost violent contrasts in image, and Mr. Van Doren, far from being a poet of simple vision, is often the poet of intricate conceits. Take his Inference, one of the best:

> Who made the evening made the fear
> Of horse and bird and snake and deer;
> Of all that do not learn they live
> Till light itself, grown fugitive,
> Goes breathing by—but turns about,
> And the black pouncer puts it out.
> Then bird and horse and deer and snake
> Go posting home, before they break
> The line that leads them; and their eyes
> Hold all the day that slowly dies.

There is more here than bucolic sincerity of feeling, of which Mr. Van Doren has been frequently accused; there is a deft, consciously sustained technique.

So far is Mr. Van Doren from being the swain of a New England farm that his chief defect as a poet, as I see it, lies in his technical virtuosity. It would be hard to find in this book a single obvious failure. But there are a few unsatisfactory poems. In these there is a certain monotony of rhythm, even when, as in the short quick line, the rhythm is varied. Mr. Van Doren's rhythmical skill occasionally blinds him to the internal

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direction of the poem itself; we get a poem perfectly rounded out on the surface, but somewhat obscured internally. It is Mr. Van Doren's paradox to be superficially most lucid when he is fundamentally most obscure. The title-poem, in which the last line, simple in itself, is to me on close reading unintelligible, and a poem like Dilemma, are instances of Mr. Van Doren's occasional weakness for letting the poem get out of hand, and lost under a beautifully organized surface. The poem in this volume which seems to me to be in every respect the most distinguished is Memories; it is difficult (the reader should not be drunk, ignorant, or asleep when reading it), but it has none of the structural obscurity of an "easy" poem like Dilemma. Here the images are not carried forward by the external momentum of the verse; the internal impulse pushes out and finds its own pauses and accents; the rhythms are quite special to the intention of the poem, observing at the same time the definite stanzaic pattern of the lines. In this poem, in passages of others, Mr. Van Doren seems to have found his own equivalent for the later technique of W. B. Yeats. His general outlook and poise, moreover, have much in common with Yeats: he has held consistently to the provincial scene of his childhood, and he remains untouched by the assumptions of the megalopolitan society in which he lives.

ALLEN TATE

Books in Brief

Aspects of Science, Second Series. By J. W. N. Sullivan. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

A number of very brief, journalistic essays on the theory of relativity, mathematics, the structure of the atom, psychoanalysis, etc. The attempt to popularize technical works is here brought to its perfect reductio ad absurdum. No background, knowledge, intelligence, or thought is demanded, and in return no information or insight is given. In addition to the technical articles are a number on different topics such as art, Herman Melville, On Being Oneself, etc., which are as significant and penetrating as those usually found in the Sunday magazine sections.

Issues of European Statesmanship. By B. G. de Montgomery. Henry Holt and Company. $5.

Mr. De Montgomery starts off in a very formidable way. He proposes, the preface runs, to discuss the rights and duties of the modern state, and, in the second half of his book, the major problems of foreign policy at the present time. It cannot be said that he is very successful. Much of his discussion consists of simple assertion, and large parts of it, the last chapter in particular, consist of that peculiarly irritating form of rhetoric which consists in abusing plaintiff's attorney. Mr. De Montgomery has done much better work than this. It is to be hoped that he will return to his earlier standards. And he may perhaps care to note that the conclusions of the National Industrial Conference Board are not usually accepted as either impartial or significant.

Music

Sensations—Good and Bad

THE visit which the Rochester Opera Company has just paid New York for a week under the auspices of the Theater Guild ranks in importance with the success of "The King's Henchman." If Mr. Taylor has paved the way for the American composer, the Rochester Company has done the same for American opera itself. This company is the offspring of the Eastman School of Music. Its members are students of the school, its stage and musical directors, Vladimir Rosing and Eugene Goossens, members of the faculty. The end of four years of cooperation finds all concerned able to give a popular Puccini opera, "Madame Butterfly," and two Mozart operas, "The Marriage of Figaro" and "The Flight from the Seraglio," and to give them in such a manner as to charm sophisticated New York. The Puccini was not as happy a selection as the Mozart, while of the latter "The Marriage of Figaro" stood out. Nevertheless, certain surprising qualities ran uniformly through each: fresh, pretty voices, an excellent stage manner, perfect diction, artistic staging, and last but not least, fine stage and musical directing. The diction was not only the best heard now in this city on the operatic stage, but it was in English, quashing the myth that English cannot be sung. The English librettos were also the best adaptations of foreign operas yet heard here in any language, quashing the other myth that operatic librettos do not sound well in English. As a result the audience enjoyed itself thoroughly, guffawing its way through all the jokes, and chuckling comprehendingly at situations. "The Marriage of Figaro" seemed to be a constant delight; and even the rather dull "Flight from the Seraglio," the first English production in this country and the second in any language in New York, furnished its amusing moments. Perhaps the secret of the company's success was that it made no attempt to do Mozart in the grand manner, but did him simply and naturally. Mr. Goossens contributed largely to this by treating the score lightly and holding down his orchestra, at the same time keeping up the effervescent spirit of the music by an unflagging rhythm. Altogether, the quality of the productions was higher than that found in the small opera houses abroad, and yet not beyond the reach of any first-class conservatory. Nor should the financing be beyond the means of any of the cities where such music schools exist. The Rochester Company is the first practical step toward municipal opera in this country on a permanent and artistic basis. And as such, another example to the Juilliard Foundation of how to spend its thirteen-million-dollar trust fund.

George Antheil is too gifted a musician to allow either himself or his works to be presented as a circus attraction. Doubtless his management meant well when it announced him as the "musical sensation of the year" and, after dwelling pointedly on the riots attending similar performances abroad, invited the same by "wondering" obviously what New York would do. New York did the obvious thing by flocking to the concert and, promised a "sensation" by Mr. Antheil and his management, coming in a corresponding mood. The composer had promised much. Discounting a string quartet which opened the program, there was to be a jazz symphony, originally written for Paul Whiteman and now introduced instead by Handy's famous Negro Orchestra from Tennessee; a sonata for violin, piano, and drum; and, as the *pièce de résistance*, the music for a "Ballet Mécanique," scored originally for electric pianos, but now containing only one, manipulated by Mr. Antheil himself, and supplemented by some half-dozen others played by human hands, to say nothing of xylophones, sirens, alarm clocks, and even an aeroplane propellor. Under these circumstances it was not strange that the audience paid scant attention to the opening quartet. The sonata, which came after, proved better game, being a medley for the fiddle on familiar tunes from "tin-pan alley," and for the piano a steady crescendo of jazz, ending with the drum substituting for the piano. The next "kick" came when the curtain rose on a backdrop in black and white depicting two huge Negro figures of a woman in a chemise and a man in familiar vaudeville guise grabbing her even more familiarly around the waist. By the time the curtain rose again on the last backdrop, with its black and white design of steam shovel, piston, skyscraper, "El," and subway, the audience was quite ready for the steady roar and clang of steel that followed. During the intermission directly preceding almost the whole of downstairs had trooped out en masse into the lobby to talk it over. It now showed the result. It booed, whistled,

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clapped, and even hissed. A feeble attempt was made to start the hoped-for riot with a few rattlers, but it died out. In the midst of the din one man furnished comedy by hoisting a handkerchief tied to a cane. A good time was being had by all! One can scarcely believe, however, that this was the composer's chief aim. The string quartet, excellently played by the Musical Art Quartet, and more or less lost in the huge hall, showed an interesting departure from what the composer calls the usual "orchestral writing." The sonata offered a clever and often beautiful treatment of cheap, hackneyed themes and astounding qualities of the piano as a percussion instrument. The symphony was the most unified form of jazz yet heard, reaching a climax through a change of rhythm by dropping suddenly into a swinging waltz; while the ballet itself displayed a singularly coherent exposition of modern life in a modern city, with all its steady monotony and roar, and all its dynamic energy. The composer's claim that "today machinery has entered the imaginations of men" is undoubtedly borne out by the life about us; and just as the romantic composer of the nineteenth century tried to imitate the sounds of nature, so the realist of this has tried to embody the Age of Steel. No one has succeeded in doing this better than George Antheil. Whether one wishes to listen to it is not so important as that, if one does, one listens to it seriously. Because of this, Mr. Antheil's presentation was much to be deplored.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama

Comedy of Manners

IT would be easy, and perhaps not entirely unjust, to dismiss S. N. Behrman's tenuous little comedy "The Second Man" (Guild Theater) as no more than a bit of inconsequential fluff kept pretty constantly amusing by the expert direction of Philip Moeller and by the suave acting of an excellent company—among the members of which Alfred Lunt seems particularly at home in his role. The plot, concerning itself with the successful effort of an honest and amiable but indolent short-story writer to disentangle himself from the determined embraces of an infatuated flapper in order that he may marry an old friend with an income, is developed with liveliness rather than with any remarkable inevitability; and so, I say, one might dismiss the piece with no more than what has already been said. Yet it would, I think, be more profitable to consider it rather in connection with the thing which it and many other similar plays are striving to be and which it in a measure succeeds in being; for it is, in effect, sentimental comedy on the point of becoming that much higher thing, pure comedy.

Mr. Behrman, it is to be noted first of all, has chosen as his milieu the American equivalent of the smart bohemia so extensively and so cheaply exploited by that nine days' wonder, Noel Coward. Occupied exclusively by well-decorated studios, inhabited by a race of near-artists and their semi-fashionable hangers-on, and dedicated less to the practice of the seven arts than to fastidious experimentation with both the Ten Commandments of Moses and the ten thousand of the social code, it is a semi-mythical region not unanalogous to that which constitutes the scene of the plays of Congreve, but it has a sort of ideal existence. Its denizens, all well enough off to be pleasantly irresponsible, represent rather the ideal aspired to than the actuality achieved by the class of real people from which they are imitated, and their artistic function is to strive to create a comedy of manners in the old sense, a comedy, that is to say, which takes its rise from the fact that its characters order their lives by their minds rather than by their emotions and frankly acknowledge prudence rather than sentiment as their guide. They are the representatives of those who think as opposed to those who feel; of the two masks by which the Greeks symbolized the two possible attitudes toward life they wear the one with the smile; and they are serenely integral because they have resolved once and for all the conflict between what romantic feeling prompts and what analysis reveals. At the time of the Restoration the characters of such comedy were drawn from the most fashionable society because the most fashionable society was that which approached nearest that ideal; today they are drawn from the smart bohemia because "society" today is predominantly sentimental in its ideals if not in its practice.

Mr. Coward's comedy was, as comedy, completely destroyed both by the extent to which he introduced sentiment and by a half-hypocritical, half-muddle-headed tendency to conventional moralizing which gave his plays a tone quite as much suggestive of nurse-maid literature as of high comedy; but from this Mr. Behrman has entirely escaped. He has, to be sure, satisfied the sentimental half of his audience by disposing of the little flapper safely in the arms of the romanticist who really loves her, but he preserves the comic spirit of his hero intact and he shows no moralistic incapacity to accept that hero, for he leaves him, not as Mr. Coward would have done, desolately aware of the charming romance he has thrown away, but contentedly talking over the telephone to the amiable lady with the amiable income who will serve to make him comically content. Moreover, to say that Mr. Behrman's lines are bright is not enough. We must revive the distinction which seventeenth-century critics made between wit and humor, a distinction which may be translated into the modern vocabulary as the difference between that kind of comic writing which consists in giving to the personages lines which are funny because they are in character and that kind which consists in allowing everybody without distinction to indulge in some current form of wise-cracking. Most of Mr. Behrman's characters are fairly conventional types, but his hero is individually conceived and his lines amusing because they serve constantly to define his point of view. "It is terrible," he remarks, "to take money from a woman. But then for the life of me I can't see why it is any worse than taking it from anybody else."

Very few writers, and those few are among the greatest that the world has produced, have ever succeeded in completely accepting and completely expressing the comic attitude. It requires a sophistication, a disillusion if you like, far deeper than that which can be acquired by a little free thinking and a little loose talking, for it is a difficult philosophy of life and one very easy to corrupt by ever so little concessive toying with romantic sentiment. No one (not Goldsmith, not Sheridan, and not Wilde) has written pure comedy since Congreve, and certainly Mr. Behrman does not do it; but he is just a little bit better than most of the Americans and Englishmen who are struggling toward it and that little bit is important. The English-speaking theater still awaits a writer with the complete clarity and strength necessary for a perfect comedy of manners; probably it also still awaits an audience which would find such a comedy without romantic concessions endurable; but there is already a society from which it might ultimately spring.

As its annual bill "Lyric Drama" the Neighborhood Playhouse is presenting two "dance designs" to music by Charles T. Griffes, a Commedia dell' Arte, and a "Dance Romance" to music arranged by Bela Bartok. All are interesting and one, "The White Peacock," is especially beautiful. "Hearts Are Trumps" (Morosco Theater) is a rather ponderous piece with Alice Fischer, Frank Morgan, and Vivian Martin. It deals with the complications arising from the alleged fact that according to French law a man may find himself married to a woman because an impostor has married her under his name.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

Germany's War Guilt

By ALFRED VON WEGERER

IN countries outside Germany one continually meets with articles, many of them by eminent journalists, expressing the opinion that the pacification of Europe is being thwarted by the continuance of the controversy over the war-guilt question. Some of these journalists think that the time has not yet come for any final judgment on this vexed question and that the eternal discussion of opposing views with regard to it merely hampers the policy of peace which is so essential for Europe's welfare. On the other hand they grant that in spite of all attempts that have been made to smooth over the difficulties that divide Europe the protests against the Versailles view of Germany's responsibility are being urged with the same emphasis and stubbornness as ever.

Attempts to bring about a Franco-German understanding make so little headway mainly because the great bulk of the French nation still imagines that the Germans systematically planned and prepared the World War and that in 1914 they would have fallen upon France without any action whatever on the part of Poincaré and Isvolski. This belief alone renders it possible for the French Government of today to cling to Poincaré's policy of keeping the French garrisons in the Rhenish occupied provinces despite the Treaty of Locarno and the meeting at Thoiry. At the same time France's own war equipment, which is such a constant menace to Germany, is kept almost undiminished. An understanding between the Germans and the French, however, is impossible as long as French soldiers are stationed on the Rhine and the German civilian population is again and again irritated by the verdicts of French military tribunals. Only by getting rid of the prevailing French ideas concerning the outbreak of the war can a new mood be created in that country. Some such change of mood is essential as a preliminary for a withdrawal of the Rhenish garrisons.

A second consideration which makes the revision of the war-guilt dogma necessary is the fact that among the Germans it is now increasingly recognized that the burden laid upon the German nation by the Dawes Plan and the tribute that has to be raised for the most part by the self-sacrifice and hard work of the German laboring classes represent a demand unjustly made upon Germany, a demand moreover which the Germans themselves will eventually not be able to tolerate. There is a very strong sense of right and wrong among the Germans, and when once the masses of the workmen and peasants, as well as the army of unemployed and the lower grades of the proletariat, have really come to understand that the payment of two and a half milliard marks ($500,500,000) which Germany has to raise every year is based upon an unjust award, the consequences may be serious.

In German and foreign intellectual circles there is now a conviction that the Versailles dogma of Germany's sole responsibility for the war is without scientific foundation. In saying this we must remember that the mistaken verdict of Versailles was itself the result of a scientific investigation undertaken by authorized persons belonging to the Peace Delegation appointed by the Entente. This delegation pronounced its judgment, however, on the basis of material that was incomplete and in part even falsified. The procedure was, in short, as follows:

In 1919 the so-called Preliminary Peace Conference sat in Paris and at a full session on January 25 resolved to appoint a committee of fifteen members who among other things had the task of drawing up for the conference a report on the responsibility of those who began the war. On this committee there were representatives of the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, Belgium, Greece, Poland, Rumania, and Serbia. The whole world in fact was represented. Among the Americans Lansing and Scott were conspicuous, while among the English Sir Gordon Hewart and Sir Ernest Pollock may be mentioned; M. Tardieu was one of the French delegates, while Signor Scialoja represented Italy and M. Politis Greece. The committee presented its report to the Peace Conference on March 29, 1919. In the report itself the committee arrived at the following conclusion:

> The war was premeditated by the Central Powers as well as by their allies, Turkey and Bulgaria, and was the result of acts deliberately committed with the intention of making it inevitable.
>
> Germany in accord with Austria-Hungary deliberately worked to set aside the numerous conciliatory proposals put forward by the Entente Powers and to bring to naught their repeated efforts to avoid war.

For the conclusions stated in this report the delegates used chiefly the so-called Color Books, published by the European governments in 1914 and containing the diplomatic correspondence that had taken place between the European cabinets before the outbreak of the war. From the Russian documents published since the war by the Soviet Republic it is clear that the Russian Orange Book of 1914 was not only incomplete in every respect but that a great number of its documents were forged. That the documents published by France in 1914 contained considerable gaps and were in part forged is also sufficiently notorious. Another proof of the insufficiency of the Color Books of 1914 is afforded by the recently issued British Documents on the Origins of the War. This collection of documents shows that the Blue Book of 1914 contained only a fragment, a mere quarter of the documents actually available, and that through its omissions and alterations of sequence it could not but lead to conclusions which were in no way in keeping with the actual state of affairs at the outbreak of the war.

The new British documents demonstrate moreover various falsifications of the French Yellow Book that had hitherto remained unnoticed. By means of these falsifications the French aimed at creating the impression that Germany's military preparations shortly before the outbreak of the war were far in advance of the corresponding French measures. In reality the exact contrary was the case. In order to attain their end the publishers of the French Yellow Book did not hesitate to employ the crudest form of falsification by altering certain dates in their own favor.

From this brief statement of the facts it will be clear that the committee appointed in 1919 by the Entente to examine the question of war responsibility drew up its

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report on the basis of an insufficient, incomplete, and falsified mass of material.

It goes without saying that no reproach is to be made against the members of the committee for this state of affairs. At the time the members could not doubt the official material placed at their disposal for the purpose of their investigation. The members of the committee themselves had no opportunity of checking the genuineness and completeness of the documents by consulting the archives of the various governments. The blame therefore rests not upon the members of the committee but upon the governments concerned.

The practical question now arises: What is to be done in order to make good this glaring injustice? In our opinion there are two alternatives.

As it is impossible to doubt the good faith of the members of the committee, it is to be expected that as soon as they are informed of the facts as cited above they will notify their governments that they can no longer identify themselves with the report in question.

Should, however, the members of the committee not take this view, a strong appeal should be made to the public in the countries in question with the object of getting the governments concerned to recognize the necessity of revising the verdict as to Germany's war guilt and of annulling the report as early as possible. This argument gains added weight when we consider that Germany up to the present loyally fulfilled all the obligations forced upon it by the Treaty of Versailles.

Italy and Bessarabia

AT the last session of the Council of the League of Nations in March the Italian representative surprised everyone by announcing that the Fascist Government of Italy had finally decided to ratify the annexation of Bessarabia by Rumania. Immediately following this announcement, an exchange of formal notes between Mussolini and the Soviet Ambassador to Italy, L. B. Kamenev, took place.

Following is a translation of the two notes from the Russian text as they appeared in the Soviet press in Moscow on March 20:

The Note of the Italian Government

On October 6, last, Your Excellency's predecessor addressed a letter to me wherein he explained the viewpoint of the Government of the USSR on the question of Bessarabia and informed me that, on the basis of the letters exchanged between myself and the Chairman of the Rumanian Council of Ministers in connection with the signing, on September 16, 1926, of a treaty of friendship between Italy and Rumania, the Government of the USSR noted with regret the probability of the ratification by Italy of the treaty on Bessarabia concluded on October 28, 1920, between Italy, Great Britain, France, Japan, and Rumania.

I was regretfully forced to state at the time that, irrespective of the essence of that communication, the point of view of the Italian Government on this question was not considered, a point of view which the Royal Government has had occasion to express before.

The Italian Government has never intended not to confirm the action of its plenipotentiary representatives, who, with the proper authorization, had signed in Paris the treaty of October 28, 1920, nor has it been its intention to avoid the fulfilment of the obligations assumed on the strength of that treaty. Since the Government of the USSR had expressed a negative attitude

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toward that treaty, the Royal Government has considered it necessary to postpone the act of ratification solely in the hope that direct negotiations between Russia and Rumania, such as were conducted between the two Powers both in Warsaw in 1921 and in Vienna in 1924, would lead toward an agreement satisfactory to both parties. It was also its hope that the good relations existing between Italy and the USSR could indirectly contribute toward the reaching of such an agreement in an atmosphere of clear and correct understanding of mutual interests.

This has been the sole consideration of the Italian Government in determining its actions up till now.

However, since the present position of Italy in regard to the treaty of 1920 cannot be continued indefinitely and since, on the other hand, there are no indications of the possibility of a friendly settlement of the question in the near future—a settlement which Italy has hoped for and is still hoping for—the Royal Government has decided not to postpone the ratification of the above-named treaty any longer.

In informing Your Excellency of this decision the Royal Government is of the opinion that the Government of the USSR will not view this as an unfriendly act toward Russia but solely as the desire of Italy to remain faithful toward the international obligations assumed in agreement with other Powers, signatories of the Paris Treaty of October 28, 1920.

March 7, 1927 MUSSOLINI

THE NOTE OF THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT

In reply to your note of March 7 I have the honor to communicate to you the following:

The Government of the USSR has energetically and repeatedly declared before the whole world, and before the governments which had signed the Paris Treaty of October 28, 1920, and also in the note of October 6, 1926, addressed to the Italian Government that the annexation of Bessarabia by Rumania was an act of brutal seizure of territory against the will of the population involved, a seizure which is a flagrant violation of the indisputable right of each people for self-determination. In view of the fact that the Italian Government refers to the negotiations which have taken place in Warsaw and in Vienna, I must remind you that in all negotiations concerning Bessarabia the Soviet Government has always held that the fate of this territory can and should be decided solely by the free expression of the will of its population. The very fact that the Rumanian Government has declined the proposal of the Soviet Government for a plebiscite more than anything else shows that the Rumanian Government is fully aware that it is maintaining its authority on the territory of Bessarabia only through military occupation and without popular consent. This fact cannot be changed either in the consciousness of the people of the USSR or of Bessarabia by any agreements of third Powers or by the ratification of such agreements by anyone.

The signing of the Paris Treaty of 1920, which is definitely hostile to the USSR, took place at a time when the signatory Powers not only had no relations with the Soviet Union, but had actually carried on a war of intervention in the Soviet Union, even having occupied its territory with their troops. The ratification of the treaty three years after the establishment of normal diplomatic and economic relations between the two countries can have no justification either from the point of view of international law or, still less, from the point of view of the interests of the peoples of the two countries.

I cannot refrain from pointing out, also, that the ratification of this act by Italy at a moment when public opinion considers war to be dangerously imminent can only serve to make the situation even more acute and contribute toward the forces directed against the USSR and, consequently, against the peace of Europe. Announcing, in the name of my Government, a determined protest against the act of the Italian Government,

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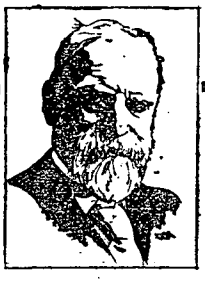

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—Claude G. Bowers, author of *Jefferson and Hamilton,* in the *New York World*

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I, therefore, consider it necessary to reassert to Your Excellency that the USSR continues, as before, to consider the annexation of Bessarabia by Rumania an act of flagrant violence, and that the protocol of October 28, 1920, now ratified by Italy and concluded without the participation of the USSR and without consulting the population of Bessarabia, is, in the opinion of the Soviet Government, an act which has no legal significance and which, contrary to the view of the Italian Government, not only cannot insure peace in the East of Europe, but is in sharp contrast to the principles of peace.

March 17, 1927 KAMENEV

An Appeal to Murder

THE following plea, said to be taken from the *Torchio*, official organ of Fascist journalists, is here translated from a bulletin issued in Paris by Henri Barbusse's Committee for the Defense of the Victims of Fascism and of the White Terror:

RALLY TO US, FASCISTS, AND KILL!

The International Blackhand Society is composed of the plutocracy, the exiles, the freemasonry, the banks, the Jews!

Oh, Fascists, you who love the Duce with a passionate devotion, cross the frontiers—by tens, by hundreds, by thousands.

Travel all the roads of the world, into those countries which think it an act of friendship to Italy to give hospitality to our bitterest and most vigorous enemies; seek out the countries which have been soiled by their anti-Italian blasphemies; plunge the tips of your bayonets into the sewage of the French bordels. There you will find the assassins. Your arms will be soiled by manure and blood and poison, but you will have an opportunity to cleanse them later on.

What we must do today, what must be done in the sacred name of Italy and the Duce is to strike. Mercilessly and ceaselessly, cruelly and finally, we must hunt out all the assassins and their agents, all the false Italians and all the ex-Italians. Wherever they may be they must fall. The extermination should be inexorable and complete. The very memory of these men must be wiped out.

Thus and only thus can we free Italy from her present nightmare and save her from the abyss into which they wish to plunge her.

The safety of the Duce requires it.

Fascists, rally to us, and kill!

Contributors to This Issue

G. E. R. GEDYE was for years correspondent of the London *Times* in Central Europe.

LOUIS FISCHER returns to Russia next month where he will again act as *The Nation's* Russian correspondent.

FRANK GODWIN is the pen-name of an American with ten years' experience in responsible newspaper work in the Orient.

IDELLA PURNELL is editor of *Palms*, a poetry magazine published in Guadalajara, Mexico.

J. SALWYN SCHAPIRO is professor of history at the College of the City of New York.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS is the author of "Woman's Dilemma."

ELISEO VIVAS is the Zona Gale scholar this year at the University of Wisconsin.

ALLEN TATE, poet and critic of poetry, wrote the introduction to Hart Crane's "White Buildings."

HENRIETTA STRAUS, *The Nation's* music critic, is soon to go abroad for a tour of the European festivals.

The author of The Long Journey is a distinguished child psychologist.

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